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AND
INSIGHTS

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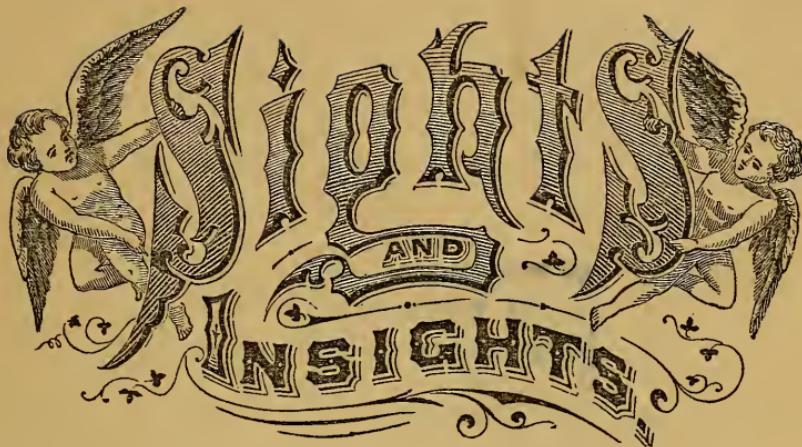
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





6740 The Matterhorn: Cloud-Banner at Sunrise.

See page 58.



OR,

KNOWLEDGE BY TRAVEL.

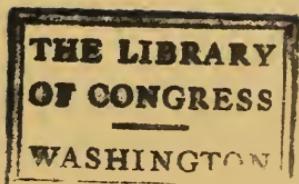
BY REV. HENRY W. WARREN.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1861

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I. PRELIMINARY WORD..... | 7 |
| II. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET UNDER WATER | 10 |
| III. A MILE AND A QUARTER ABOVE BOSTON.... | 16 |
| IV. HALF A MILE UNDER GROUND..... | 22 |
| V. THREE MILES ABOVE THE EARTH..... | 32 |
| VI. PARIS AND FRANCE..... | 46 |
| VII. THE HEART OF THE ALPS..... | 53 |
| VIII. THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THE ALPS.... | 59 |
| IX. A PRE-HISTORIC GLACIER..... | 66 |
| X. A CLIMB TO THIRTEEN THOUSAND SIX HUN- DRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE THE SEA | 72 |
| XI. HOW TO MAKE A MOUNTAIN | 79 |
| XII. A GERMAN PORTFOLIO..... | 86 |
| XIII. STRASBURG CATHEDRAL..... | 102 |
| XIV. UNDER A SALT MOUNTAIN | 109 |
| XV. OVER THE SPLÜGEN..... | 117 |
| XVI. ADLESBERG CAVERN..... | 127 |
| XVII. ALP LIFE | 132 |
| XVIII. VENERABLE VENICE | 140 |
| XIX. MILAN CATHEDRAL..... | 146 |
| XX. HUNG YESTERDAY—CROWNED TO-DAY..... | 152 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| XXI. AMUSEMENTS OF ROYALTY..... | 161 |
| XXII. EDUCATION BY TRAVEL..... | 166 |
| XXIII. THE CHURCHES OF ROME..... | 174 |
| XXIV. PONTIFICAL NEPOTISM | 184 |
| XXV. UNDERGROUND ROME..... | 191 |
| XXVI. EXPRESSION BY ART..... | 202 |
| XXVII. PUTTING A VOLCANO UNDER FOOT..... | 215 |
| XXVIII. POSSIBILITIES AND ACTUALITIES OF ATHENS. 223 | |
| XXIX. EGYPT | 281 |
| XXX. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PALESTINE..... | 238 |
| XXXI. FAMILIAR STRANGENESS..... | 246 |
| XXXII. A SHAM PENTECOST..... | 251 |
| XXXIII. GROPINGS UNDER JERUSALEM | 260 |
| XXXIV. HOW WE GET ABOUT THE HOLY LAND... 266 | |
| XXXV. PILGRIMS | 273 |
| XXXVI. HUMAN NATURE..... | 281 |
| XXXVII. OUR LAST RIDE IN SYRIA..... | 291 |

Illustrations.

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE MATTERHORN: CLOUD BANNER AT SUNRISE..... | 2 |
| INTERIOR OF A SALT MINE: THE SLIDE..... | III |
| THE OLD PILGRIM | 279 |

I.

PRELIMINARY WORD:

 HAVE a small collection of dried flowers plucked from here and there: a primrose from a river's brim, a daisy from an English meadow, heather that made the Scottish highlands blush, forget-me-nots that cried out to me from the edge of the snow on the Alps, "Take me to your warm hands and heart," a blood-root from the old Coliseum, a rose from the plain of Sharon, a lily of the valley, a star of Bethlehem, a passion-flower from Gethsemane. But I have by no means a perfect herbarium of the flora of all these lands.

I have leaves from the graves of Mrs. Browning, Shelley, Keats, Wesley, Scott, etc.; living ivy from the place of Shakspeare's birth, fir from the giants of California, cedar from Lebanon, thorns from Jericho, terebinth from Hebron, olive from Olivet. But I have by no means a perfect museum of all the trees of the wood.

I have sand from the Lybian deserts, stones that

seem to tremble yet with the thunder of the cataracts they came from, others that almost burn my fingers now as I remember when I first wrenched them off the burning lava, granite from the primal Alps, crystals from Adelsberg and Mars' Hill; marbles from Pentelicus, Carrara, the Acropolis, and buried Pompeii; stones, with imbedded shells, from the Great Pyramid; stones that yet taste of the Dead Sea, from whose depths I took them; stones that shot down with meteor light and swiftness from the sky. But I have by no means a perfect cabinet of the mineralogy of all these countries of earth and beyond.

And I have some pictures, not panoramas, of billow and sky, mountain and valley; thoughts, written as opportunity offered, of many places; memories of golden mornings, Elysian days, and perfect eves; visions of the time when God took up the isles as a very little thing, and the hills skipped after him like lambs, and the mountains like rams; inspirations that come from places where men counted the truth dearer than life, and places where Jesus counted all worlds less than his word, and human souls dearer than life. But I have by no means written down all the connecting links of time and place. I have attempted no complete geography or universal history.

I cannot show you my flowers that give me "thoughts too deep for tears," nor my "fir-tree, pine-tree, and box together that beautify the place of my sanctuary," nor my precious stones that have treasured and emit more light than diamonds ; but I can give you some of my thoughts, pictures, memories, and visions. And I will. Here they are. If they give you a tithe of the joy they have given me, your sum of happiness will be sensibly increased.

The first thought of putting these wandering waifs into a book was suggested by my friend Bradford K. Peirce, D.D., of Boston. And I put his name here, on what shall be pillar or pillory to him, according as the event shall justify or condemn his suggestion.

I accepted his suggestion, because I hoped to offer to the public reading something better than the flood of fiction, that weakens attention, makes memory a sieve, sets up false standards of life, and raises a fearful head of emotional steam, with no other result than to strain the boiler.

H. W. W.

II.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET UNDER WATER.

N American gentleman once earnestly sought an introduction to Lord Byron. The distinguished poet, anxious to ascertain whether the applicant was worthy of the honor, asked if he had ever been to Niagara. He was informed that he had not. Then said he, "I wont see him. A man who travels into foreign lands without having seen the grandest spectacle in the universe in his own country is no man for me to know."

That we may meet with no such rebuffs in our later wanderings, we will first see "the grandest spectacle in the universe," by going behind the sheet of descending water at Niagara.

The preparation for this descent consists in doffing your accustomed apparel and donning what is warranted to wash, and colors warranted not to run—a very necessary color for the uniform of an army—namely, a flannel shirt, with a hood, drawers, and felt moccasins. Then you wind down narrow stairs, till your ideas, and possibly

temper, are inextricably snarled. You walk along a couple of hundred feet under crags that project far over your head, bristling with innumerable loose splinters, and you come to the Cave of the Winds.

This Cave of the Winds is behind the volume of water that plunges down between Luna and Goat Islands, on the American side. A damp merman emerges from a hut in the mist to take charge of us. His looks are indicative of his experience, and prophetic of ours. Darwin would find in him a proof of his theory of "natural selection," for he has selected every natural feature that will shed water. The only parting in his hair is a point on the summit. Thence it goes down every-where. His eyebrows are projecting eaves. His nose almost induces our own to trickle. His mustache could not be waxed into an imperial; it thatches his mouth. Shoulders slope at the sides, and bow forward. Elbows never take a right angle, but arms hang straight down, and fingers stand wide apart, every one ever ready to drip, never ready to clutch. A rude wooden staircase goes down beside, I might as well say in, the descending torrent, till the place is reached where the falling water strikes bottom.

We then take to the narrow slippery rocks be-

hind the cataract. Here the thunderings of many waters are indescribable. A man's yell is no more heard than a child's whisper. We think of "God on high, mightier than the noise of many waters." With what terror can his voice confound the guilty! What miserable limits has sense! God can hear all this, to us monstrous diapason, and yet never miss a note of a bird-song on the brink above. And yet we are dinned, dazed, and confounded by the roll of one note of his æon-long anthem, before it is time to change it for another. Ah, well! The chief thing about man is his room to grow.

Besides the noise, the chief thing in the cave is that from which it takes its name—wind. It blows in your face till you cannot take breath for very excess of breath. Midas, who wanted gold; Tarpeia, who asked of the Sabines "what they wore on their left hands," as the price of letting them into the citadel, and got, not golden bracelets, but an avalanche of shields that crushed her, and every other mortal, is ready to die of too-muchness. The mists dash in your face, and you turn a little to feel whole streams polishing off all your corners, and making you as guidelike as possible.

The slippery stone stairs you stand on are not over six inches wide. There is nothing to hold to,

and within an arm's reach there is power enough to churn you into elemental atoms in five seconds. Of the few men who have fallen in there, no trace could ever be discovered, though the water falls somewhat calmly over other rocks before reaching the final level. You begin to wonder why you defiantly came into this den of death, when the guide stops where a little less than whole water comes on you, and mutely points upward. Now you see why you came. One would fall on his knees as in God's very presence, and utter deep anthems of praise, too rapt to remember that there is no place to kneel, nor opportunity to open his mouth, if the guide did not hold him. It seems as if He in whose "hand are the deep places" of the sea must be pouring that ceaseless flood. Limitless, infinite, he only can supply its exhaustless abundance. It seems light and downy as feathers, whiter than snow. An afternoon sun was above it, we below, the floods between. What an emblem of the soul's whiteness! Every drop transfused and transfigured with excess of light. Measureless waters continued to be illuminated with infinity of light. Earth has few such pictures, time few such experiences, to declare God's abundances of grace.

We pass on, and emerge on the opposite side of

the sheet from which we entered. We clamber over and around rocks as large as small houses, fallen from above; pass over narrow bridges below the fall, and again look up to its descending vastness. Here the mists whirl, and here the sun liberally casts—not rainbows, but rain-circles about our feet—complete circles, ourselves the center of each. Science tells us that no two persons see the same gorgeous arch of color in the sky. The world has been made rich enough in such things to give a private special bow to each eye. So these rings of color I saw were all my special property. No one else saw the ones I did. God gave them to me. He made me a little like the Son whom John saw in heaven—with a rainbow entirely round about the throne. When the guide, a little out of the noise, said, “There is no other place on earth that shows the entire circle,” I thought, Well, there is in heaven.

When we had passed the foot of the fall, and were ready to ascend the path toward the stairs, a little Esquimaux-looking girl, in bedraggled hood, frock, and trowsers, said, “Let’s go back the way we came.” Nothing loth, I pointed the guide the return route. Among the rocks, rainbows, and slippery scrambles below and outside the fall, then through the wind, mist, rain, cataracts, and thunder

behind the falls, and so climbed to our accustomed sphere.

If it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into or out of the head of a Scotchman, it no doubt takes all Niagara to get some conceptions into the heart of an American. But the grand conception is worth keeping stupendous Niagara pouring through all the centuries.

Once out of the roar, and lingering round the miles of falling water that rushed in rapids, fell in wide cataracts, and shook the earth with its might, I could not but ask, "Whence comes all this mighty torrent? What infinite reservoirs can keep up this supply century after century?" And the Bible made me answer, "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return, to go again." And science pointed far off to the distant Atlantic and Pacific, and showed me the mighty sunbeam lifting the mists from the ocean, and bringing them hundreds of miles unto the place whence these floods come, and pouring them out to go again. Then I saw that Niagara poured ceaselessly, and the wide Mississippi flowed from the mountains to the sea, because the sunshine carried through the upper air as mighty rivers from the sea to the mountains.

III.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER ABOVE BOSTON.

THAT looks a little boastful. It is hard to get ahead of or above Boston. In the matter of elevation I have done it. In the matter of temperature, Boston is above me. The thermometer stood this A. M. (September 1) at twenty-six degrees. The wind blew sixty miles an hour. The snow and hail were three inches deep. You scorched people may be glad to know where such temperature may be found, and how to get there.

Take the Eastern Railroad for North Conway, and thence to the top of Mount Washington, and you find it. The Glen is twenty-four miles from North Conway. From the Glen to the top of Mount Washington is three miles in a straight line. A fine carriage-road has been constructed that winds about for eight miles, rising one foot in eight. That road cost sixty thousand dollars, and pays three per cent. on its capital stock. It takes nearly four hours and quite five dollars to ride up. To walk takes the same time

and much muscle. The heavens had been filled with sailing islands of pure white clouds all day when I commenced the ascent. The top of the mountain had not been clear of mist and tempest for more than two days. Hoping to see the mountain in all the grandeur of a storm, we pushed on. For the first four miles the view was glorious. The pictures widened at every step. The dark shadows hurried over a brilliant landscape. Dark forest, green meadows, sparkling waters, flying shadows, terrible precipices, inaccessible heights, and a canopy of driven mist, through which the setting sun threw a gorgeous double rainbow that spanned the whole east, were elements that combined in grandeur. It was no puny picture of dull colors, set on a narrow wall in a tinsel frame, soon to be forgotten, but one of living colors, like those around the throne, full of mighty motion, and one that will live in memory as long as life.

We could see where the fierce gale struck the cold mountain head, had its moisture condensed into mist, its clear air turned to cloud, and came pouring over the crest and down the opposite side in Niagaras of cloud. Then the warmer air of the lower regions absorbed the moisture, and the surging torrent vanished in mid-air. That was a real Staubach of more than one thousand feet plunge,

or a two-foot stream. It poured out of the skies and spread over a score of miles. Of course the mountain could be veiled as long as winds could blow. And we found that winds could blow. There was more vivid teaching of the nature of clouds, storms, rain, and wind in one hour, than all I had ever read from books.

We rolled up the curtains and top of the wagon, and began to scud under bare poles. We lashed our hats to windward with strong cords, and shivered in the wind. It did seem that it would take us up like a little thing and hurl us over the cliff.

We entered into a cloud at the sixth mile. Here the cold changed the mist to sleet. It turned the driver's whip into a pole, and cased the framework for the wagon covering in ice. After being an hour in the mist we came to the top. We were cordially welcomed by a company some of whom had waited three days, at six dollars at day, for a glimpse of the lower world. "Misery loves company," they said. But I had not taken that pains to climb up to misery. I had come for ecstasy. Before nine o'clock we were engaged in a lively game of snowball in the house.

Every man and woman took all their traps of coats, shawls, etc., with them to bed, for the cold was fearful, and it was driven at us by such a gale

as seldom blows below. The rooms are seven by nine. The roof slopes within two feet of the floor and of the opposite wall; space rather limited when occupied by two. Still there is no trouble about ventilation. You cannot raise a window, for the two panes that admit light are set as a skylight in the roof. But that force of wind will go through pine boards almost as easily as through muslin.

About two o'clock the whole company was awakened by masses of ice falling on the roof from the chimney guys. This had accumulated to a diameter of six inches, and the wind shook it down on the roof. Some thought it thunder. It seemed as if every deposit would come through. It did break one skylight, and tumbled into the room. Timid women screamed; frightened men got up, tramped round the house, and it was near daylight before quiet was restored.

The long dark night at length wore wearily away.
'Mid crashing ice and howling blast
We hailed the dawn of day.

And we howled when it haled its crashing ice on us. No visible sunrise for us that day. Our telegraph wires were three inches in diameter except where broken down. We were utterly cut off from the rest of the world. Whether there was any rest

beside our four or five rods we could not tell. Perhaps the delayed comet had sundered, and hurled us into a frozen limbo.

The beautiful frost-work covered all the surface. In favorable localities it formed in separate masses like a fan, at the base an inch or two square; then spreading in most delicate crystals, one mass overlying another like feathers. It grew toward the wind, and the furious blast, driving each particle of frozen mist at twice the velocity of a locomotive to its place on the mass already formed; did not prevent its taking its place in the most delicate crystallizations, and in such forms of beauty as seem inconsistent with such force. The sharp, pricking hail soon drove us from a contemplation of its beauties to a contemplation of the beauties and utilities of great roaring fires, where we rubbed our chilled fingers, held them in our hair, and felt them ache after the old-time manner of school boys in winter.

Meanwhile there was bright sunshine, a moderate breeze temperature and clear air half a mile below us. These fair promises beguiled a company of a gentleman, three ladies, and four children, including a baby, to come up. The carriage set them down about ten rods from the house. They attempted to make their way to its shelter.

But the women could scarcely stand in the fierce wind, and one by one the whole party, except the driver, sank down in the snow, utterly exhausted. And but for help that whole party must have perished in the snow and tempest, within half a mile of sunny fields, and within sight of shelter.

Hereafter, when the sun scorches, and the fevered blood gets as "high as ninety," I shall remember with refreshment that it is only a mile up to freezing. And a sense of that canopy of comfort will temper the temporary and narrow oven in which I bake.

P. S.—I had opportunity to try it very soon, for only three days after the thermometer indicated ninety-eight degrees in my room. The success of the experiment need not be detailed.

IV.

HALF A MILE UNDER GROUND.

HERE is a famous institution not very far from Philadelphia called the "Switchback."

It is not pleasantly suggestive to men whose memories are yet young; but as it is liberally placcarded as being in the "Switzerland of America," we must certainly visit it before visiting the Switzerland of Europe.

It is situated near Mauch Chunk—which is not a misspell for mock, but for much. Said Mauch Chunk is the outlet of one of our greatest coal deposits. It lies, or rather stands, in a deep valley, scarcely six hundred feet wide, between precipitous mountains. But into that narrow place nature has crowded a river, and man has crowded a canal, a road, two rows of houses, and two railroads.

The coal-beds lie in the slopes of the mountains, ten or fifteen miles distant. They first made a railroad, and let the coal-cars slide down hill, and empty their burdens of black diamonds into the canal boats at Mauch Chunk. The cars were then drawn back by mules, which, in turn, enjoyed the

ride down again. But a bright genius conceived the idea of letting gravity—not his, but the earth's—take the cars back also. To accomplish this the cars are first drawn up an incline of two thousand three hundred and forty-one feet to the top of Mount Pisgah, and nearly one thousand feet above the level of the river. A road was then constructed along the mountain side, with sufficient descent to allow the cars to run ten miles, when they are drawn up a new incline and sent on another whirl. We come to the foot of the plane that was not a plain. Two ribbons of steel, about five inches wide, lie between the rails on rollers. They begin to be drawn up the mountain. There emerges out of the ground behind us two enormous chucks on trucks, which butt against our train of four cars behind, and begin to drive us up the slope. It requires hard holding to prevent being piled into a heap in the lower end of the car. Up we go, lifted pulse by pulse, above the wild landscape. Some that have gone up with covered face lift their hands and join in the cry, "Beautiful, beautiful!" Pisgah is well named. We have not climbed where Moses stood, but if he had any more enrapturing vision it must be because the cloudy vail of sense was opened, and he saw the world beyond.

Then we commence to dash along the mountain side, drawn—just think of it—by an engine 4,000 miles away. Gravitation is hurling us along that descent, over trestles, around bluffs, through woods, at a fearful—no, joyful rate. Our party makes itself the figure-head of the flying train ; sits on the front platform, passes hats and bonnets to the keepers within, and without cinders or dust, with hair flying in the wind, with shouts startling the echoes, wild beasts around, and tame propriety behind, we slide down hill on a rail, in the good old style of years ago, for ten miles.

Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail.

Here we find another slope, with an engine at the top to draw up sleds and sliders. Here is a train of half a dozen loaded cars, under control of a single man, starting by the power of gravity for Mauch Chunk. It seems fearful to commit such a load to a single man. Only a few times have the breaks become disarranged. Then the train flies. There is one place where the track is perfectly straight and even for five miles. Almost any speed can be made there. But when it comes to the least curve or inequality the train jumps the track, and cars, coal, and man are all in one black burial blent. At the top of this second plane is a burning mine.

It took fire fifteen years ago, and they have never been able to put it out. It smolders away year after year, sending up its thin wreaths of smoke, and sometimes fire ; and occasionally down slumps an acre of mountain top, whose foundation had been eaten away. It looks singularly like the crater of a volcano. It is one.

Here we dash off at right angles from our previous route, compass a valley, and visit a coal-breaker. It is a tall building, high as a ten-story house. Into the top of this come the cars from the mine, emptying hundreds of tons of coal into a vast hopper. Huge pieces, large as a bushel basket, are caught between the rollers, and crushed into egg, furnace, and nut with a rapidity that is truly awful, especially, as is sometimes the case, when a blundering workman slips in among them, and is made mince meat of in three seconds. From the breaker the coal slides into two perforated cylinders, slightly inclined. The first section of the cylinders is pierced with small holes, that as it revolves, lets out the dust; in the second section there are larger holes that let out the nut; and thus all is assorted into as many sizes as desired. Every piece of coal now slides down a shoot, by a little army of boys, who pick out all the shale, and the coal falls into its appropriate bin below.

(I have had coal that looked as if the boys took frequent play-spells.) The dust is raised to the top of the building, and carried off to the growing mountain of coal, pure indeed, but too small to use. The cars pass the bins. The gates are hoisted, the car loaded in half a minute. The whistle sounds "off breaks," and the coal is on the way to your bin. The record of yesterday shows one hundred and forty-one cars forwarded—seven hundred tons. May your winter be warm !

Let us now go where it comes from. Morning dawned brightly—a matter of indifference to us for once, for the light of day would be of little aid to us among the black diamonds. Other circumstances are equally auspicious; one of which is we have borrowed some clothes, and are not afraid of hurting them. Another is that we have a first-class geologist in the party, who knows all about how this world has been put together, and will give us something more than the experience of being "put down in a dark hole and covered all over with charcoal."

Here is a hole in the ground. It runs down a steep incline, eight hundred feet. We jump into a car, and we barely avoid being piled top of and under each other at the lower end, by desperate clinging. The light of day fades behind us. The light of

four little lamps, constructed to smoke rather than illuminate, is a poor substitute. We feel every pulse of the engine as it drops us little by little into the abyss. Our walls are heavy logs set on end; our roof ditto, laid horizontally across. We reach the bottom, where a dozen Cyclopean gnomes, with a lamp at their foreheads, are whirling cars of coal hither and thither, with an apparent recklessness that makes one constantly expect that one will burst out of the darkness and smite him. Here is the pump that relieves these miles of underground galleries of water. It must be lifted seven hundred feet. Such a column of water weighs about three hundred pounds to the square inch. But steam will lift it. Coal clears out the water, draws itself up, and carries itself to market. Properly handled, coal is never lifted but once by human muscle, in its journey from the bowels of the earth, through breaker, car, and cart, to your door. We say to a heap of it, "Get up and move a thousand miles; and, since you are going, take a thousand men, or tons of goods, along with you." And it obeys.

We commenced to file along one of the galleries. One of the party sat down rather suddenly on a shelving pile of coal, and filled both his boots with water. The drops that dripped from above did not affect him after that. Frequently a donkey

starts out of the darkness, drawing cars of coal. You "respect the burden" very highly, and cling to the wall as to an old and clean friend, which it certainly is not. The gallery is about ten feet wide and seven high, in most places heavily timbered. From this gallery openings are worked on either side, say twenty feet wide, with a pillar fifteen feet wide between them to support the roof. The gallery runs out half a mile, turns round, with similar openings on either side, and returns to the shaft. A strong current of air is drawn, by means of a large fan at the surface, around the entire circuit. This enormous deposit of coal is two hundred and seventy-five feet thick. It is worked at present with two tiers of galleries, one above the other. That single deposit seems exhaustless; but when we remember that seventeen millions of tons have been mined in a single year, the product of any single mine seems like a particle of dust in the balance.

Even in these depths of the earth life cannot be repressed. Long fungoid growths, in the shape of pendent cockades, three feet long and three inches in diameter, sometimes hang from the decaying logs. They are white as drifted snow, translucent to our lights, and swing like things of life in the current of air.

Just after the coal is freshly taken away from the heading, the remaining coal, not supporting the pressure of the mountain, is often ejected with great force from the freshly exposed wall. All miners are deeply scarred in the face by these minie-like missiles. Sometimes a piece six inches in diameter will leap from its place, and pulverize itself on the other side. We required but little persuasion to turn back from the extreme front, and soon regained our native air.

It is well that none of us were called to pulpit or platform as we emerged, or our auditors might have manifested a justifiable prejudice against color. Black as we were, it was a red-letter day to us all.

We went to the pile of refuse, and gathered some excellent specimens of pressed ferns and leaves from the shale rock that overlies and underlies the coal. We found perfect specimens of the most delicate ferns, pressed as perfectly between layers of rock as we could do it ourselves; also wood and bark of trees turned into stone. It is supposed that these ferns, and other deciduous plants, formerly grew in great quantities along the reedy shores of the shallow sea; and when a bed of vegetable matter had accumulated in vast thickness it was sunk far beneath the sea, covered over

with sand by the rivers and currents, and this sand compacted into a rocky roof for the vegetable matter, which was here converted, under vast pressure, into coal, and was afterward lifted up in the Alleghany Mountains to serve as vast reservoirs of fuel for man.

When we remember that all woody fiber is made by the sun, we see that coal is only condensed sunshine; and that, when we might have supposed it was being wasted on a world where no man lived, it was really being stored up and preserved for our needs to-day.

We resume our clothes and conveyance, pass more mines, are drawn up two more slopes, and then commence backsiding toward our starting-place. This last is the best of all. Over this long, straight, smooth home-stretch our driver lets out his horses. The power that swings worlds is our team; two-forty is nothing. Let gravitation do her best. Clutch hard on supports. Hold your breath close, you cannot catch any more at this rate:

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night by angel hands.

But there is a sharp curve ahead. Hold in your horses, breakman. Ease us down to earth ten-

derly. Let not such rocket-flying come down like a stick.

I can easily believe the story they tell here of a staid old Quaker. He refused to ride till he was assured the car should not go faster than he wished. On the home stretch he says, "Friend, is this as fast as thee can go?" "O no," says the conductor, and loosens his break a little. By and by Broadbrim says again, "Friend, I do not wish to trouble thee, but can't thee go a little faster?" "O yes, if you dare risk it." Directly old conservatism ventures, "Friend, I will not trouble thee again, but can't thee go a little faster?" "Not without going to perdition," replied the guardian of the train. "Never mind, let her go," shouted the aroused old man. But the cool conductor, doubtful of the reception, obstinately denied the request.

V.

THREE MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.

I HAVE long had an ambition to see the earth from some outside stand-point, to see ourselves as angels see us. A new post of observation wonderfully changes our ideas. Alexander thought himself the greatest of men, and the Thracian brigand a miserable robber. But the Thracian robber looked upon him as a stupendous destroyer, and himself as a benefactor of the race. So our boasted wisdom is stark folly to higher knowledge.

But how to reach the stand-point is the question. I never had the felicity of Pollok's philosopher, "Leaving the earth, at will, he soared to heaven." I never believed in the corporeal actuality of that individual. He must have been an "airy nothing," and Pollok had not imagination enough to body him forth, and give him "a local habitation and a name." Well, I have reached a stand-point I never occupied before. Do you ask how it looks? Not exactly as I expected, I confess.

I cannot see the earth at all: I do not know but it has run away, and left me to wander dark-

ling in the voids of space forever. I sometimes feel as if it had, and I am to be left wandering alone. Does one shrink from such a possibility? That depends on one's relation to Him who filleth all in all. A man once told me that he at one time thought himself to be dying, and the earth seemed to shrink away in the far distance to as minute a speck as the other planets appear to be. But he, taken off the earth, and earth itself dwarfed almost to nothing, was happy, because he was with God, and at peace with him. If the earth be removed, if we ascend up into heaven, or if we dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, God is there. That last place is just where I am, the uttermost part of the sea; but while I write the word, I go reeling down to the depths again. I have done little for the past ten days except to "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man," and see people trying the feat of turning themselves inside out. Nearly every passenger has succeeded to an alarming extent. That picture of Munchausen running his arm down the throat of a ravening wolf, and then jerking him wrong side out, has been before me constantly. I doubt whether some of us know which side out we are now. O! (w)retched men that we are, we have had a terrific succession of head winds from the hour we left New York.

Some one suggested that we had a Jonah aboard. I submitted that every body seemed to have one aboard, and was trying to heave him up. I have discovered that man is much more fearfully and wonderfully made than I ever imagined.

I was reminded of the church that bought a barrel-organ warranted to play forty tunes, to save the expense of an organist. But having finished their hymn, on the first Sunday, no one had skill enough to stop it. What could be done! They could not sing all day. Besides, they never could tell what tune might be ground out next. It had to be taken down the aisle, to play its forty tunes through out-doors. I also remembered the man who got a very perfect wooden leg, warranted to go. But having got it started, it walked and walked, in spite of all he could do to stop it, till it walked the other leg and the rest of the man to death. The organ and leg owners must have been considerably surprised.

Equally astonished is a man to find his every power of muscle, brain, and mind desert its customary place, and concentrate with fearful power in his stomach. A terrible activity is commenced there, in defiance of a man's own will. He has no control over his barrel-organ. He is being worked to death by one of his own members.

It is a fearful revelation, that a man's own powers may rebel, run riot, and torture him, in defiance of his own will, by a mere change of circumstances. It is ominously suggestive of the future.

I wonder that Dante did not represent some of his worst enemies as suffering an eternal sea-sickness. Eternity gets a new significance as these almost endless days and morningless nights creep slowly on. An exhortation to shun eternal misery never had such a significance as it has to-day.

We have now passed over two thousand miles horizontally; but I have made a calculation that the compound pitches, rolls, and lurches, that we get every minute, have carried us nearly twice as far, in what directions I have not geometry enough to say.

I saw by the pendulum that the ship was taking four rolls a minute of thirty degrees each. That would put one side of a sixteen-foot room ten feet above the other, and pile every movable thing, including people, into the lower corner. Instantly reverse the slant, and you have opportunity to see which side of the room you like best, without making any effort to move. You begin to see the wisdom of making rooms of state only six feet by four. You get very thankful that they are no larger.

The ship has since rolled to forty degrees. In-

deed, if one judged by his feelings, he would say it rolled to the perpendicular. But feelings are not to be depended on in such exigencies. Things get wonderfully deranged. Even the drains to the wash-bowls reverse their designed directions, and spout fountains six feet high, converting the pile of your Turkish carpets and your pile of garments into an oozy swamp. The human system follows the bad example, and adds odors, not of Eden, to said swamp. If a man's nose is in any way extra sensitive, he had better send it as freight, and not reclaim it till he arrives among the daisies and blooming hedge-rows of old England. "Is this worth one hundred and sixty dollars in gold?" No answers are vouchsafed to civil, much less to badgering, questions.

I saw a sea strike our starboard side about amidships that sounded like the report of a cannon, and it went over our highest works with cataracts of water. A few years since our captain was swept off the bridge, which is twenty-five feet above the proper level of the sea, and dashed on the deck. The same sea tore a boat from six chains of half-inch iron and other fastenings, threw it on the prostrate man, breaking one leg, two arms, three ribs, and lots of other bones.

We have had life lines stretched about our

decks much of the time. The men are swept here and there, often utterly submerged. It greatly amused me to hear the boatswain yelling to a man to get up who was under two feet of water. But possibly a voice of that kind could penetrate even such obstructions.

I heartily wished that all who sigh for "a life on the ocean wave" could have been one minute dashed about by these freezing waters. They would quickly sing, "There is no place like home." In the roughest of the storm a dozen men were kept an hour on the foretop-yard, hurled from side to side, standing on a swinging rope, trying to confine a threshing sail that threatened to knock every one into the sea. Soon after the gale split our maintop-sail with a sound like thunder. Ropes snapped like threads. It took a full two hours for twenty men on that reeling yard to get that sail down, and a new one in its place. All officers say that sailors rapidly deteriorate. I can easily believe it, both as individuals and as a class. It is a dog's life. Any sensible dog would die in it.

Let it not be supposed, however, that all is unpleasant; far from it. The very first night out had grandeur enough to repay many days of discomfort. I remained on the upper deck till nearly midnight, witnessing a scene so attractive that no

driving wind, drenching rain and spray, could drive me below. The storm-tossed sea was covered with phosphorescence. Every breaking wave was like the uncapping of a new volcano. The ocean seemed like a vast camp, where ten thousand watch-fires burned. But the light being perfectly white, it did not seem like the camp-fires of earth, but more as if the armies of heaven, riding on the whirlwinds, were maneuvering on the undulating plain. I looked out to see the form of the Master walking on the crested head of the obedient waves. I could see him by faith, but he delayed his coming. Every few minutes our ship would plunge her bows in the waves, and send rivers the whole length of the upper deck, pouring torrents on the lower decks on either side, as the vessel rolled. After it was too dark to see the water, a river of phosphorescent light would pour along, backward, forward, and from side to side, as we pitched and rolled. This light was not diffused, but in little patches, from very small specks to the size of a silver half-dime. They looked like a river of pearls. What wealth has God! A little fog and sunlight gives the glory of the sunset; evening mist, the rainbow; concentrated smoke, the diamond. A river of light flowed along our wake. It required but little imagination, in the absence

of earth and sky, to people the whole field with myriads of active agents.

A few mornings afterward the Master came to me, along the undulating floor of liquid, blazing gold, that the rising sun had mingled with fire for his coming. Sweetly said he, "Peace." So Christ rides all storms of elements, all of civil disorder, all of personal affliction.

Two births have occurred since we left New York. Children of the sea are they. This morning there was a birth of a different kind. One was born from us into the life to come. A soul went out to seek its Maker from this strange place. How good it is that God compasseth our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways. How easy, else, would it be for us to be lost.

What a wonder is a steamship. This one is four hundred and forty two feet long. End it up beside Bunker Hill monument, and that ornament and pride of Boston's nearest suburb would appear but half grown. In its little compass it burns seventy tons of coal in a day, giving a power equal to three thousand horses. And it needs it all. For against the fury of the hurricane, when a man can hardly keep from being blown off the deck, it must push its mighty bulk, its vast height of spars, its bewildering amount

of cordage, among which the wind fairly howls; it must drive its way through waves that smite it on the forehead with a staggering force; and it must struggle up, when the ocean sends its successive lines of soldiers to the charge, and they leap upon the deck, and seem to have the mastery. All the while it maintains a rate of speed, day and night, that few horses could maintain, even for a few hours, under the most favoring circumstances. That power shut in a small cylinder is mightier than wind and wave, because of a higher and less material nature. When we fight our battles, let us seize on the highest, most spiritual powers, and we shall be victors.

And when the storm is over, and there remains no trace of the elemental war, except the long, undimpled swell, nothing can exceed the vessel's beauty of movement as she gently careens and bows over the undulating plain that breaks into quiet laughter at her touch. There is no graceful animal that can be compared to its graceful movements. The vessel seems to be intelligent. Her steady pulse that never slackened in the storm is not quickened in the calm. There is no exultation over its recent victory. Its thrill of life has no touch of pride; it is a display of inner power.

Our propeller has made its fifty revolutions to the minute all the way across the ocean, a million in all. That is a power equal to driving the vessel three hundred and sixty miles a day in smooth water, but the storm has sometimes beaten us back one hundred and fifty miles a day from the accomplishment of that distance.

Nearly every thing is done by steam. It hoists two or three thousand tons of freight out of the capacious hold, and replaces it with as much more in two or three days. It pulls on the ropes in handling the sails. It gets fifty barrels of ashes out of the hold every day, and puts them ready for the ash-cart on the back street. It also steers the vessel. This is the latest improvement in steam navigation. It used to take eight men to hold the vessel in a storm. And sometimes it would break from their grasp, when Old Neptune gave a sudden jerk at the rudder. Here one man steers with one hand in calm or storm. Yet he exerts a force of twelve tons on the rudder, and can deflect it thirty degrees, while eight men could not deflect it more than ten degrees when under full headway.

One of the most interesting things about a sea-voyage is the source of its guidance. If you steer by the direction of its waves, you find they vary.

If you run toward or away from the wind, you may steer to all points of the compass in a day. If you follow other vessels, they may lead you from your port, and very possibly you cannot keep in sight of them for twenty-four hours together.

Is there any guide whose light no darkness can extinguish, whose stability no reeling, plunging, staggering motion can shake, and whose reliability is not destroyed by every conceivable element of uncertainty? Can any thing stand firm in this tossing, and maintain its direction among such terrific forces that shift every instant? Surely, nothing that is affected by wind or wave.

But there are etherial forces that are steady in storm, quiet in every tumult. These forces travel round the earth. The fiercest winds do not blow aside their tenuous lines; the leaping waves cannot break their fragility, mountains interposed never turn them from their path. Can we lift up our hand and feel which way they uninterruptedly travel? Can we fling out our streamers from the mast-head and note their direction? No. Hand and streamer are not sensitive to influences so etherial. But the fine hammered steel of the needle will feel their power and own their sway. So when the fog is thick, and the darkness impenetrable, a single little lamp lights up the compass.

It is midnight. All lights on board are extinguished. The cavernous hold is blackness. The starless vault above is so black that no sky even can be seen. But looking at the little light in the binnacle that scarcely illuminates a cubic foot of space, the helmsman holds his vessel to the point. No matter if winds veer, sails flap, waves strike port or starboard, she must go straight on, guided through instability by the only stable thing they know.

So, amid the tossings of time, there are stable currents of celestial power. Heaved about by forces we cannot master, buffeted in the face by adversity, hemmed in by darkness we cannot penetrate, and yet irresistibly driven we know not where, there are currents of celestial steadiness. The eye sees nought of their direction; the hand cannot feel their passage; the ear can hear no music of their making; but, steadier than the sweep of the stars, they are coursing in every place of human need. And when man once gets the appropriate part of his nature touched by the magnetism of Divine love, and thereafter keeps it ready to respond to the influences of the Spirit, he is never at a loss for guidance. No matter if the sun be obscured, if the stars be hid, if winds be adverse, if waves threaten to engulf, the celestial guidance is secure.

But our mode of interpreting magnetic currents is not perfect. The organism by which we render sensible this ethereal influence, that wind never varies, and tempest never blows aside, is liable to derangement. We render unreliable the true by our handling. The heavenly treasure contracts some taint from the clay. The compass gets various and variable variations. The iron needed for the ship and its machinery brings fluctuations. If a ship was built standing on the stocks north and south, its needles behave very differently from one built east and west. The electrical condition is frequently very different after the machinery has been put in from what it was before ; also after a storm, from its previous condition. So we must reach clear beyond the earth. Its ethereal currents are not high enough. Its most spiritual is too earthy. We go to the stars. Every night that polar star, "whose fixed, unvarying constancy hath no fellow in the firmament," mounts higher in the sky, telling us how far we have crept round this floating ball toward the north. Every night Orion and the Pleiades swing lower in the south. Already the pole star is fifty-one degrees above the horizon : eleven degrees higher than it was at home.

Every night stars rise or reach their culmination

earlier to tell us how far we have crept to the east. Already our sunrise is three hours earlier than yours, if you know when that is. I have always been glad that God put us on the outside of this earth, instead of within. He thus invites us to look up to explore the infinite, and take our guidance from his high, eternal certainties. Thus we are to keep this world under our feet, and stand a whole globe higher for our footing.

A captain once confided his helm to a son of Erin, told him to steer straight for a certain star, and turned in. He was just being lulled to sleep in the soothing arms of Ocean when Pat yelled at him, "Say, Misther, come and give me another star, I have got clear by that one." Many a poor Pat has got "*clear by*" God's stars. They were hung as signal lights, to guide men straight to the final and eternal glory. But we turn aside and go round the darkness in interlacing curves that only wind in a dizzy limbo.

Our party is steering by the star of Bethlehem just now, and hope to come where the young Child lay. But we also remember that that star is herald of the dawn, so we know that we are steering toward eternal sunrise.

VI.

PARIS AND FRANCE.

I HARDLY know what to send you, for my quiver is as full as a blessed man's house is of children. Of one thing I begin to feel sure. When the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, the last point conquered from the present prince of this world will be the British Channel. Every time I have touched it the prince of the power of the air has come down in great wrath. I hope it is because he knows his time is short. If any one doubts future punishment, let him try present punishment, and he will cry for mercy here and hereafter.

“When good Americans die they go to Paris,” says the proverb of the first society. No doubt it would satisfy the ambition of many people, who call themselves good, to go there after death, provided they could have money enough. Whoever can be satisfied with the gratification of the senses would do well to go to Paris. The tendency of

the French mind, that is to say, the Parisian, is to delicacy, and the perfection of the minute. There are no such astronomical instrument and jewelry makers in the world. This trait touches with its wand of beauty all that pertains to Parisian life. You see it in the white cap of the woman that sweeps the streets, in the jeweled crowns of royalty, and all that lies between.

But Paris had no vast conceptions till Napoleon arose. All previous attempts at magnificence were only aggregations and multiplications of small things. He lacked, in a great degree, all the elements of the French mind. Yet he thoroughly comprehended that mind. Away on a distant campaign, he received intelligence that the Parisians, discontented at his prodigal waste of life, meditated revolution against him. "Gild the dome of the Hotel des Invalides," wrote he in reply, knowing that a new nine days' wonder would prove a complete preventive of revolution. He gave his vast conceptions to the Parisians, and they added that touch of perfectness in all the details that is a sign of genius. The late Emperor went forward in the path his uncle entered, giving the Paris of to-day a magnificence of design, and a beautiful completeness in detail, that has no rival on the earth.

They tell you in nearly every place in Europe that Napoleon carried their choicest treasures of art to Paris. As you see the beauty and magnificence of the city you feel half inclined to forgive him. And as you remember that most of those treasures have been returned to their previous owners, you can cherish no hardness toward him on that account. But another immense robbery has been committed, and no restitution made. All France has been plundered to make this one city great.

“Paris is France,” says the proud inhabitant of the city as he thinks of its influence. “Yes, Paris is France,” says the observer of both as he sees that the country has been drained that the city may be full. There is nothing but Paris and its tributaries in the nation. It is surprising to see how poor and mean the country of a great nation can become when its rulers determine to make its cities great. In proportion as a government is despotic, the rural districts show poverty of buildings, implements, and stock, sparseness and stupidity of population. I wondered, during a whole day’s journey in Austria, how a people so industrious and frugal could be kept so poor. The houses were hovels, and an ordinarily well dressed person a great rarity. There was a beggarly des-

titution of farm stock. Why was it? It burst upon me like a revelation as I rode through the streets of Vienna at night. There was prodigally lavished that which would have made the country abound in comforts.

The same was evident in France. Think of going five hundred miles through an old country like France and find no city of any considerable pretension, except the capital. Even villages were very scarce. Agricultural implements were very primitive. And many evident tokens showed that all the thrift and genius had been drafted elsewhere. This is not so in Switzerland or Great Britain. You can tell where you pass boundary lines between despotic and comparatively free countries by the appearance of the country itself.

A great English oculist was asked by old Dr. Warren, of Boston, how he attained such wonderful skill in operating. "O," said he, "I spoiled a whole hat full of eyes in acquiring it." And if you ask where Paris gets its brightness, beauty, and exuberant life, the answer must be, it spoiled a nation to hoard it. There is no apparent poverty in Paris. I did not see a ragged or dirty person (except those carrying coal) in the city, and I went into every part. Not once was a hand stretched

out for charity—a most noticeable circumstance to one familiar with Italy. The people all seem filled with exuberant life. English people, at the close of a day's pleasure-excursion, are the most woe-begone looking individuals imaginable. Their pleasures are intensely fatiguing. Like the man who would have peace if he had to fight for it, they make their pleasures pains, and work to weariness, trying to get rested. Not so the Frenchman. Pleasure is his daily business. He goes out like a lark, he comes home as cheerful as a nightingale. No doubt there is sadness and despair enough in the gay capital, but it is not apparent. It hides itself in garrets, and, as the morning revelations of the Morgue tell us, often in the river Seine.

One thing that helps to account for the absence of the lines of care from their faces is their seeming indifference to what Mrs. Grundy will say. They are not fearful that some one will know what they do. The women bring their sewing to the sidewalk. You can look on their tables as you pass their windows and doors. A man will call half a dozen acquaintances or strangers about him as he discusses his hotel bill with the landlord. They have nothing to conceal. Another assistance is their exemption from care. The Government

has charge of them. It carries on vast public works that the laborer may have wages, and he never builds barricades when he can get better pay for building houses. It makes Paris such an earthly paradise, that all the pleasure-seekers in the world must come to taste its sweets and buy its wares.

But what is the result of such a life? What is the fruitage of sowing to the flesh? What can the diligent cultivation of beauty and exquisite taste do for a people? The results of their recent war with Germany give answer. When their bravery of brass and flourish of feathers were stripped off them they were found livid with fear. They were men without hearts. A nation of curs could not have taken a whipping more submissively. The ruins in Paris give answer. And not only the ruins accomplished, covering whole squares in all quarters of the city, but the far greater ruins designed, prepared for, and only frustrated at the last moment, give tenfold answer. Education for mere pleasure gives men a tiger thirst for blood. It glutted itself in Old Rome. And you may stand here on a single spot where the blood of twenty-three thousand persons has been shed. Not in the frenzy of strife, but just for the relish of the thing, as the most delectable show of the period,

made piquant with jokes and theatrical by design.

A man is indictable for high treason to human interests who lives at peace with such a system of education.

VII.

THE HEART OF THE ALPS.

HOW well we remember our first sight of Church's "Heart of the Andes." It is a picture gorgeous with bright birds and leaves. We are charmed with its grace of flowing vines. We hear, or fancy we hear, the music of its gentle water. The cross by the roadside seems in a fitting place with its suggestions of peace. A kind of Indian-summer atmosphere sleeps over the tropical landscape. And the mountains look so far away, I am sure no one ever felt like girding up his languid powers to attempt an ascent.

Very different is the heart of the Alps. The waters here roar, dash, leap down fearful precipices, rave against the hard rocks and tear them to pieces. The cold ice faces you on every side. Its deep-green color proclaims its fearful amount. The worn and crushed rocks tell of the power with which it moves. The trees are only those hardy kinds that can keep their green garments on all the cold winter. And even these, especially the fir-trees, make a straight swift push

for the upper air. Plant it where you will, it points straight toward the heaven, as if feeling after the light and warmth, and growing up into it regardless of the circumstances from which it springs.

The mountains are near you. They seem like a circle of white-haired giants, watching you all the time.

And the air has no sleepy hue of mistiness. It does not drone a quiet tune. It is clear as the body of heaven. It shows every object clear-cut and near. Then it pipes inspiring marches, puts oxygen in your blood, and calls out to you to come up and see these sublime mountains face to face.

The characteristic of the Alps is their extreme precipitousness. Hence, these twenty splintered peaks can stand near together, and have the valley of Zermatt drop down deep among them. The nearest peak is less than five miles from the village. Yet it rises nearly two miles above it. Besides these mountains, there are those objects of unending interest, the Glaciers. Three of the most interesting ones in the world come down into this little valley.

There are peculiar facilities for viewing these sublime attractions. Nearly every peak may be ascended, and the view enjoyed from various

points. Besides this, a kind of a watch-tower has been lifted up right in the midst of these towering peaks, so that even the feeble and timid may come into this most imposing scenery and expand their souls with its grandeur. It seems as if the top of a mountain ten miles in diameter had sunk down, leaving a dozen craggy mountains split perpendicularly toward Zermatt, or facing the spot where the top went down. This fallen-in top still retains a relative elevation over the sunken summit, and stands up in the low valley. It is called the Gorner Grat.

This inner peak runs up from Zermatt toward the east, rising five thousand feet above it, and right in the center of the lofty peaks that rise five thousand feet higher. A little more than half way up the Gorner Grat the Riffle-house has been built. It is an admirable hotel, two thousand four hundred feet higher than Mount Washington. And although every thing is carried to the first on mules or men, and to the second by railroad, yet board in the first is only two dollars and a half a day, and in the second six dollars.

No better place could be found for the mountain-lover. If he would climb, twenty peaks beckon him. Would he explore a glacier, he is on its border. Would he try crag-work, the

Riffelhorn offers its hitherto unscaled precipices. Would he quietly rest, the deep valley, the high mountain, and the ever-changing sky, spread out their beauties to charm him.

The first night after my arrival at the Riffelhouse (July 14) we had, first, thunder and lightning, then terrific wind, two inches of snow, and fair weather, all between ten o'clock and four. I went out while the sparkling stars yet hung in the clear sky. How sorry I felt for the little blue violets, and forget-me-nots, that the day before bloomed so abundantly as to make one think the sky had fallen. I scraped away the snow, and there they were, looking as brave as if a snow-storm brought only a winter blanket, and was to be always welcomed. But I was bound for the top of the Görner Grat to see the sun rise. The time of the ascent is one and a half hours. So there is not much time on a summer morning to loiter among snow-covered flowers. I accomplished the ascent, and stood in a world of white to welcome the king of day. I had seen Guido's "Gorgeous Aurora" in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, and thought it unequaled. But one real aurora surpasses any paint as much as rainbows outshine dyestuffs. First, the Matterhorn, and the peaks north of it, caught a faint crimson glow.

They were no longer cold snow mountains. They were full of warm, rosy life, that responded feelingly to the coming sun. The mountains to the east had an astonishingly dark shade, considering they were covered with snow. They were right between me and the glowing heaven, and even flame shows black against the sun. How easily I could see the world roll as the light advanced down the mountains at the west. Below, all was in deep shadow. I might as well say deep night.

Then morning mists started out like little islands and floated far below me. They eddied slowly down the gorge toward the Rhone, passed the avalanche that buried a whole village, and laid themselves at the feet of the Oberland Alps on the other side of the Rhone.

I could not tell that a breath of air stirred, but I could see a little flurry of the new fallen snow—that was six inches deep where I stood, and much deeper on the mountain summits—occasionally whisked over the heads of the waiting mountains, as if brides were adorning themselves for their coming lord.

Suddenly the sun pierced me with a shaft of light. It seemed like a real shaft, it came so suddenly and so powerfully. Then the warm air just breathed over the hill tops from Italy, and there

stood out from every one of them a straight streamer of cooled mist. The mountains had run up their colors to celebrate the new day. I may well say colors, for the sun streamed redly through those at the east, transfused those at the north and south with pure white light, and reflected purple from those at the west.* I could but remember Dr. M'Cosh's figure, borrowed from this scene, of the spreading of the Gospel light, and, standing rapt and awed in the brilliance, I said, "Even *so*, come, Lord Jesus," and come quickly.

* See Frontispiece.

VIII.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA ON THE ALPS.

THE wind blows northward over one thousand thirsty miles of Sahara sands. Thirsty and faint with heat, it plunges down into the Mediterranean Sea. It rollicks over the cool plains; it washes the yellow dust from its wings in the bright blue waters; it plays with its billows as children play with the sweet new-mown hay, tossing them over its shoulders, and scattering them far and wide with cheering sounds of rippling laughter.

But most of all it quenches its fiery thirst. It sips from every wave more daintily than the bee from flower, and rolls itself into a thousand convolutions that every part of its substance may bathe in the sea and drink its fill. But daintily as it drinks, it drinks largely. It drinks and carries away the whole upper part of the neighboring Red Sea to the depth of eight feet every year. It takes somewhat less from this sea, it is true, but still enough to quench the thirst of every zephyr.

Then it journeys northward and breathes over

Italy. It imparts an incredible fertility to the fields : it bathes every leaf of the mulberry and the vine, washes every golden green, or glowing purple bunch of grapes, till it looks bright enough to shine in the night. It waters every flower on the plains of Lombardy. Then, striking the southern slopes of the Alps, it careers like a troop of wild horse over forest and rock, till it has leaped three miles in air. Then it plays around the summits of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. But it is hot and thirsty no longer. Indeed, it has brought more moisture than it can carry. So, dense clouds burst out of what was clear air in Italy. And these clouds are pressed like a saturated sponge against the cold summits. The particles of mist, drawn together by some hidden law, arrange themselves in airy ranks, join feathery crystal to crystal, wear necklaces of more than diamond beauty, and with mazy dance and quiet song, eddy over the shoulders of the mountains, and down the northern sides. It is so light that a boy's breath would scatter a whole cloud of it, and so beautiful that only the power that fashions the flower could make it. Thus, the Mediterranean Sea comes into Switzerland. Let us go up and see it.

From the Matterhorn there runs a glittering chain of giant peaks : a little south of east, the

Breithorn, Pollux, Castor, the Lyskamm; turning northward, Monte Rosa, Weissthor, and Cima de Jazzi; westward to the Stockhorn and the Gōrner Grat, completing the circuit, and ending near the roots of the Matterhorn aforesaid. Within these peaks you see an irregular basin ten miles long and five wide, which is considerably inclined, and the edge broken out toward the west.

Into this basin, as I have said, pours the Mediterranean Sea, and also part of the Atlantic. The feathery crystals swirl over these mountain tops, weave fantastic wreaths on the steep sides, and, as they accumulate in vast drifts, slip into the valley below. The motion, cold, and wind, change the snow feathers into little pellets somewhat like shot. These, being heaped hundreds of feet deep in the valley, begin to move slowly down the incline of the basin toward the west. At first its motion is exceedingly slow, hardly accomplishing an inch a day. But when it comes down where the gorge is narrower, the incline steeper, the snow heavier, because turned to ice, pushed from behind, drawn by gravitation before, lubricated by abundant water that the sun thaws from its surface, it moves more swiftly, and averages a foot a day.

You must not fail to observe that this is not a regular symmetrical valley. Such a one does

not exist in nature. Between each of the peaks mentioned that form the boundary line lie rugged ravines that pour their tributary frozen torrents into the icy stream below. No less than ten branch glaciers thus run into the main stream. When these wide rivers crowd one another for room to move, it seems as if the barriers of the hills must give way.

Those inaccessible cliffs keep up a kind of constant fusilade of rocks, broken from their steep sides, upon the ice-fields below. As the glacier moves on, century by century, it bears the burden thus heaped upon it. Its own emphatic action also tears rocks from the mountain sides and takes them along with it. Therefore every glacier, or branch of one, has a confused belt of boulders, little and large, lying as a border or fringe on either side. It pushes them along, crowding them up the steeps or tumbling them down. It breaks some in pieces, and then grinds their pieces to powder. When two glaciers unite they combine these two fringes of rock called lateral or side moraines into one, thereafter called a medial or middle moraine. This gigantic rampart of rocks, sometimes an eighth of a mile wide and twenty feet high, thereafter moves down the valley near the middle of the ice on which it rests. Thus the

eye is led backward by the line to the point of division, and then along the divided lines to the cliffs that gave them birth.

Sometimes, however, a glacier absorbs and buries some of its moraines for a few miles, and then disgorges them again. If the gorge be too narrow to receive a new tributary at its full width, the stream must flow faster and deeper. And if the meeting streams incline toward each other, the inner edges with their burdens of rock must be folded under and the rocks buried. But after being carried for miles in their icy tomb, the sun comes, bright as the resurrection angel, thaws away their cold grave clothes, and they come out to the life and warmth of day once more.

The joy of no day on a dashing river, leaping from log to log, ever equaled my day on this frozen river, leaping from floating rock to rock, and billow to billow. I began at the lower end where the ice-river ceases, and the water-river dashes full and wide. The water seems colder than any ice. It is white with the flour of rock that the strong ice has ground to powder. A small mountain of boulders remains at the lower end, too large for the river to carry away. Sometimes it is not so very small either. I have seen one of these terminal moraines over two miles long, and two hun-

dred feet high. When several seasons are cold, and fail to thaw away the descending stream, the glacier pushes down the valley part of a mile, and crowd this mountain along with it. Then warm seasons reduce the glacier to ordinary dimensions. But the moraine remains a monument of its advance.

I clambered up the rocky sides of the ravine when the glacier was too precipitous to be ascended, and came upon it a mile above. It was billowed like the sea. Little streams that the sun had thawed from the surface ran in every direction, and plunged down fearful depths. These clefts mostly run across the stream, but are turned in all directions if one part of the stream flows faster than another. An obstruction or bend will cause one side to flow faster than the other, and bring the clefts and billows into curves, or swing them round nearly parallel to the shore. These chasms are from an inch to a rod wide, and often a hundred feet deep. They open down through the clear blue ice. We are obliged to leap over or go round them. To slip on either side and drop into their cold embrace would most likely be death. To avoid this men tie themselves together, so that one would not fall more than ten feet before he would be jerked out by the others.

The extent to which the sun thaws the rivers out of these great reservoirs may sometimes be seen by a rock, which has protected the ice under it from heat, while the surrounding ice has been thawed away. I saw a slab of rock thirty feet in diameter and ten feet thick supported by a shaft of ice like a center table. Its lower surface was seven feet above the general surface of the ice. How many times it had crushed its diminishing pillar, and commenced the process again, cannot be told.

Leaving the glacier, we scaled one of its banks. It was so steep that, standing perpendicular, we could touch the mountain with our hands. The hot sun blazed on our backs. We got so high that birds were almost invisible below. The great billows of ice were changed to wrinkles on the face of the glaciers. There was no sign of a path. But we toiled on for a full hour by the watch, and it seemed long enough for three or four. So we came to the Riffle-house.

IX.

A PRE-HISTORIC GLACIER.

 HAVE had a day of joy and shouting. It began at five o'clock this morning amid the charming hills, fields, and cascades of Meiringen, and closes now at five o'clock in the evening amid the eternal desolations and ice of the Grimsel Pass. I shall have time to refer to but little else than what is indicated in the title.

Science tells that the north of Europe, and our own continent as far south as the fortieth parallel of latitude, were once covered with glaciers. Also, that the present glaciers of the Alps were once very much more extensive than at present.

I had seen proofs of the first carved in the rocks on the top of Mount Holyoke, and in the erratic blocks or boulders carried hundred of miles from their original bed. To-day I have seen ample proof of the second. I have seen it before in a dozen valleys of the Alps, some reaching far into sunny Italy, but nowhere to such an extent.

My first work was to climb a hill of seven hundred and sixty-eight feet in height, and so large that it took

nearly an hour to go over. It was covered with materials that the old glacier had torn from the rocky sides of the ravine. Some of it had been brought forty miles. And as the ice river rarely averages more than one foot a day, some of that scattered material may have been one thousand years grinding along the sides or bottom of the ravine before it was deposited at the glacier's terminal moraine.

Coming down into the valley of the Aar, on the other side I saw evidences of glacial action. The perpendicular face of the ravine, a thousand feet above, has been plowed with a deep horizontal furrow. A gigantic molding has been run along the side of the room, that shows the height of the old, old glacier. That is where the floating rocks on the surface of the stream eddied, and cut their nature, if not their names, on enduring tablets.

And notwithstanding the liability of rocks to fall away from such heights, and lose the inscriptions the forces of nature have cut upon them, I may safely say that I have seen miles of such inscriptions still remaining. These are particularly clear where a valley suddenly contracts, and the stream must be driven through a narrow compass; or when a side glacier undertakes to crowd itself in where there was scarcely room enough for the main stream. An admirable example of this is

seen at Chiavenna. The main stream had come down the Val Giacomo from the heights of the Splügen, and found its bed suddenly narrowed just below where the city now stands. Just above this place the glacier from the valley of the Maira undertook to enter. Then came a fight. As usual the combatants have passed away, but the cliffs below the city bear the marks of the strife from base to summit.

Near the summit of the Grimsel, at the head of this valley of the Aar, where it suddenly turns from north and south to west, within five hours of the present glacier, the action of the former one becomes strikingly apparent. Two granite hills, which nearly meet in the center, almost close the entire valley. The ice-stream could not all be driven through so small an opening, so it rose above them. Each of these hills became polished by the action of ice and sand. There are acres to-day as smooth as if hundreds of thousands of men had been at work on them for centuries. You easily distinguish how high the river flowed. The hills are smoothed to a certain limit, and splintered and rough above it.

I have passed large areas again and again, where the bottom of the ravine was polished by the same means. It is no wonder that the river Aar, and

every other one that comes from a glacier, carries so much powdered granite that it could not well be whiter.

What a day's walk it has been. From the top of the hill first spoken of, revealed in the freshness of early morning, the charming valley of Im Hof is visible. It is perfectly level, and embroidered by the silver streams of the Aar in most intricate pattern. Its various fields of green grass, golden grain, tufted trees, flowers numerous enough to give a prevailing tint of crimson to some sections, others browned by the shadows of the vast mountains that stand on every side, produce the impression that it must be a picture of some fairy land. At your left is a gorge three hundred feet deep, and not more than twenty wide. Through the bottom the river dashes. You stand entranced, gazing first at the rural beauty of the sweet valley, and then at the awful grandeur of snow-peaks that surround it on every side.

I have passed dozens of cascades that would make the reputation of any White Mountain village. They have wonderful beauty and variety. Some leaped from the crags a solid volume of water, but before the awful descent was accomplished they had turned to spray. The wind drifted these white clouds hither and thither, as

easily as it might lift a bridal vail. On one or two instances it took up the little child born on the heights, that was falling from its home, and gently carried it back up the precipice, and restored it to its mother. Then the wayward child tumbled off again, and again the patient wind returned it to its place. There were cataracts upward as well as downward.

I came to the falls at Handeck. I was in a ravine two hundred and fifty feet deep. Every foot bore evidence that the water had cut this path for itself out of the living rock. The chasm was full of blinding spray. As I looked up to the infinite treasures of water pouring from above, I thought to myself, "This fall is like the Reichenbach." I ought to have known better. God never makes such things as cataracts alike. He may repeat himself in flowers and sunbeams, but every such thing as a mountain or cataract has an individuality. Climbing to the top I discovered it. The milky river comes roaring from the south, and takes its fearful plunge far deeper than Niagara. Every drop seems to stand out from its fellows from horror at the plunge. The mountain torrent Aerlenbach, just thawed out of the vast snow-fields, comes dashing down from the mountains at the west, and within fifteen feet of the other

fall, plunges into the same abyss. The water from the west meets the water from the south about half way down, and the noonday sun seals the marriage with a ring of rainbow color.

To-night I sleep nearly half a mile higher than last night. The narrow path hither has often run along the face of precipices, with the river roaring and dashing a hundred feet below. Just above me is a little lake, from the surface of which the ice is never thawed. In 1799 the Austrians and French fought for the possession of these icy solitudes, and put their dead under the cold ice of the lake.

I have shivered here for an hour past in my overcoat. Although it is the middle of July I cannot keep warm. I will put myself under these warm woolen blankets, and they will bring me a long tin can of hot water, for which I shall have the warmest affection. Meanwhile I am coldly yours, etc.

X.

A CLIMB TO THIRTEEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

THE preparation for this ascent was commenced, unconsciously, a few days previous by footing it over the Gemini—which is equivalent to going up and down Bunker Hill Monument, two hundred and twenty-two feet high, seventeen times, and walking ten miles before noon. The next preparation was having forty nails driven into each sole, leaving their large pointed heads projecting one eighth of an inch. Then followed a day's work, tramping glaciers, scaling precipices, and making ascents without paths equal to twenty-seven monuments aforesaid, to say nothing of descents. The day after (July 15) was commenced with a short excursion of three hours before breakfast in three inches of new fallen snow with frozen shoes, not to say feet, up the Görner Grat, an ascent of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two feet, to see the sunrise. The afternoon was spent in harmony with the morning. Then came to-day.

The porter announced himself by a loud rap, and the time by saying, "Two o'clock." We rose at once, and were ready as soon thereafter as possible. We moved out over a rough hillside with, as yet, no hint of a summer morning. Half of an old moon partially illuminated our way when not obscured by flying clouds. An extremely rough precipice of one thousand feet was descended with great care, and the lateral moraine of the Görner glacier entered. It consisted of loose blocks of stone, from the smallest size to blocks twenty feet in diameter. These had been driven up the steep hillside a hundred feet, and seemed like a huge furrow turned by some irresistible plow.

Soon after the rough mountainous ice was encountered, and the way picked and followed with something of an idea of what might happen if the aforesaid nails should not hold, and we be dropped into a crevasse of unknown depth. Soon the medial moraines were met, and one after another the whole ten vast winrows of rocks, a hundred or two feet wide, forty high, and one mile long, were passed. Then the path led up the steep incline of a branch glacier, and tints of the morning began to appear.

Coming to a cataract in the ice stream, we were compelled to leave its bed and clamber up a rocky

precipice about two hundred feet high. Breakfast for the second time was taken on a shelf half way up, and the sun hung our dining-room with more gorgeous decorations than any fresco painter ever proposed.

We soon came upon another glacier, stretching for miles every way. I asked the guide how far it was to that ever-present enormous Matterhorn, that seemed within a pistol shot; and he said, "Two hours' walk." Up this vast plain we passed, until, soon after six o'clock, we reached the summit of the pass, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-one feet higher than we started. We had also reascended the one thousand feet of our early descent. We then went into the highest human habitation in Europe, ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine feet above the sea.

Just before us stood the Breithorn, crowned with a few hundred feet of snow, looking rosy and warm in the morning sunlight. We had not thought of ascending it, but it looked too bewitching, too near, and the guide settled the question by saying he would show us all the lakes of Italy. The time allowed for its ascent from this point is three hours of hard work. It would lengthen the regular time of our journey to about fifteen hours. It was now time to make special preparations for ice walking.

Every man I had seen come in from an ice journey had looked much the color of the nose of a hard drinker. And the regular thing to expect from an all-day trip in high altitudes is to have every exposed part peel, not only once, but three times, and leave one looking like a new baby for a long time after. I have seen men whose faces were so sore that it was impossible to eat any thing of greater consistency than soup for supper. To avoid this they frequently cover every exposed part with melted grease. Not anxious to treble on ourselves St. Bartholomew's style of martyrdom, we set about devising protection. Now I dislike as much as Diogenes to have any thing darken my landscapes; but I accepted a double blue vail, and put over that a pair of green goggles. Being roped together about ten feet apart, so that if one fell into a crevasse, or lost footing and slid down the mountain side, he need not go more than ten feet before he could be fished up, we set out. The landscape, or the snowscape, was full bright enough. And when a neck blushed under the warm kisses of the sun, it coyly protected itself behind the turned up flange of a turn-down collar.

The snow was yet perfectly hard. With difficulty the edge of the shoe could be driven in sufficiently to afford foothold in the steeper slopes.

Then the guide cut amazingly small places, into which a toe or heel could be placed, and so we worked up. It may be conceived to be a difficult thing to go up stairs two hours at a time. But what if there are no stairs, and a thousand feet below you?

There spreads before my mind now that immense field of snow, mountain-plateau, side and summit covered. It stretches for miles. It crowns the tops. It is crowded off its precipices, showing a thickness of hundreds of feet. It constitutes the immense reservoirs from which flows, not a few feeble fountains, but a great river, rolling for centuries.

It creaked under foot, as if it were keen December, and not sultry July. My vail was a mass of ice below my nose, and frozen to my beard. The ash alpenstock felt like a pitch-fork handle in a barn in winter. Then the wind began to blow. We sheltered ourselves under the lee the best we could. Then it blew right down the mountain. How perfectly huge it got to be! It improved and enlarged on acquaintance. It got steeper also. More steps had to be cut. It looked much steeper above than below. And a breath of that thin air did not seem to be of any use whatever, so we took more, and at a fearful rate. It was not one foot

before the other, but one beside the other; and, where steps were not cut, a foot dashed sideways against the mountain did not often leave its little print more than three inches above the other.

Suddenly we looked over a precipice and there was Zermat, five thousand three hundred and seventy feet below. Not a person could be seen in its busy streets. Man is a small thing when viewed from above. Beyond were the vast Oberland Alps, lifting the dazzling peaks above the sea of clouds at the base. Close by were twenty famous peaks, a little to the east the vast reservoirs of the Görner Glacier—itself at our feet, every moraine of its ten tributaries perfectly lined on its surface—a world of snow. But at the South, *Italy*—its three lakes perfectly outlined, but hardly larger than on a map; and beyond, the historic plains of Lombardy. Mont Blanc reflected the sunlight to our eyes, and bid us hasten to her. We used what air there was in shouting halleluias, and let breathing be suspended for a while. It is something to be above this world. You feel its swing, its rush through space. It has no mastery of you. You have put it under your feet.

The keen air bit shrewdly. We could easily conceive ourselves to be one fifteenth of the way

to the temperature of two hundred degrees below zero. We remembered the hard steeps, and resolved to come down more easily. Where we were not obliged to put our feet carefully in the cut steps we sat down, and with an alpenstock for a break, shot away like the good old times of boyhood. O what a thing an Alp would be for a sled-ride!

These swift *glissades* took us over the distance to the hut on the summit of the St. Theodul Pass much more quickly than we went the other way.

Half an hour of long leaps in the softened snow brought us down from the hut to where God had planted whole fields with his forget-me-nots; and two hours later settled us at ease in our inn at Val Tournanche. We have been twelve hours on foot, almost without resting; have been up Bunker Hill monument thirty times and down forty, besides putting a long distance behind us. We are tired, but we have lived high and long to-day.

Already my companion is sleeping heavily in bed. Whenever he turns he discovers his tender point, and wakes, saying, "O my sore ears!"

XI.

HOW TO MAKE A MOUNTAIN.

HE Matterhorn is such a mountain as was for a long time deemed inaccessible by men who could stand with perfectly steady nerves on any precipice, who could face a cliff and let another man scramble up their backs, then take the upper man's feet in their hands and lift him up till he could find some projection to which he could cling with finger-nails and eyelids, and by an indefinite repetition of the process, scale any accessible height. It is such a mountain that four out of the seven who first made the ascent fell four fifths of a mile, almost perpendicularly, in attempting to come down. It requires such care in descent, that it takes five hours to come down a distance that was ascended in three hours. It is such a spike of a mountain, that men have declared that no power could have driven it up through the crust of the earth and left standing on end. Thus it remained the *pons asinorum* of geologists till some one declared that it was but the remaining splinter of a once lofty range.

Now that is an easy thing to read and accept;

but power to comprehend must result from a very extensive education, under the tuition of the hugest object-teaching the Creator ever set on foot in this world. It is easy to believe that a mountain range has been lifted as high, or higher than the Matterhorn ; but the crucial question is, What has become of the rest of it? What force so mighty as to carry away huge mountains, and yet so quiet as not to topple down the splinter that remains ?

You commence the a, b, c of your education at Visp, Switzerland, or Chatillon, Italy. You see swift, tumultuous rivers running freight trains that never stop, and never get by, on express time and a fearful down grade—never encumbering the road by returning empty cars—and the whole unending train, for uncounted thousands of years, white as milk with powdered rock. And so it will carry freight from mountain to sea as long as gravitation draws, and the sun returns the empty trains along the upper air lines.

You get a new text-book on the same subject as you pass over acres of rock-freshet, hundreds of feet deep, that some mountain torrent tore out of a gully and spread over the plain. Two days before I passed Frutigen, a swollen mountain torrent put its nose under a few million tons of rock, rolled it

down the mountain, pulverized it with its own weight, covered three farms, and buried a saw-mill fifteen feet deep in ten minutes. You never know when one of these stout fellows will roll up his sleeves and go to work. I have seen in twenty different places where such shovelers have been at work this summer as would fill the Back Bay in twenty-four hours if they could be kept steadily at it under proper direction. I would contract to fill at ten dollars an acre if I had one under my control. That is one feeder for the down freight train of the river.

You go into a higher class in the same branch of education as you walk along narrow valleys under precipices a few thousand feet high. There is a hundred or two feet of *débris* at the foot of the cliff. But out in the plain you see where these mountain Titans have been playing marbles, and left their little pebbles, ten, twenty, or seventy feet in diameter, lying loose around the playground. They drop them every year. You see some that have rushed down like thunderbolts this very summer. Think of having one of these uninvited visitors hastily knock at your back door some dark night and ask admittance. There is no time to parley, and you can't well refuse. The natives often put their houses in the lee of a great fellow in case

another should follow the same track. That is another bringer of down freight.

But much of this material is too coarse for the river's carrying. There must be some almost infinite mills to grind the grist to powder. Well, there are—hundreds of them. Some are twenty miles long, five miles wide, and seven hundred feet deep. They are greatly reduced from what they once were; but still they do a thriving business, and each one gives a river more rock dust than it can carry. Of course, I mean the glaciers.

Now come about two thirds the way up the Matterhorn, full high enough for you or me, and finish your education. Perhaps you have sat in the lamented Powers' studio at Florence, and seen the chips fly from the solid marble, and feature after feature of some friendly face appear. Here beamed a smile, there thought mounted its throne—and every-where soul appeared. Alas! since the time of Pygmalion, it is only the soul of the worker. So I sit down here and see God working away at the Matterhorn. I hear the fall of the pieces chipped away. It is impossible to approach many parts of the mountain on account of the constant cannonade of rocks from above. You see what you take to be a well-trodden path to the summit—it is a well-trodden path *from* the

summit. And such a volley of stones, broken from the steep sides, rushes down the path that you can scarcely cross between the shots.

What becomes of the pieces? Look down on two sides, and afterward on the third, and there are those immense ice mills ready to receive, carry, crush, and deliver to the swift river all that comes. Look at the north-east side. The Matterhorn glacier covers the first portion of the mountain base where snow can linger. It does its best with the *débris* of that whole side. Then it delivers it over to the 'Zmut glacier for a second grinding. That is a grist-mill that covers five square miles; and so thoroughly is its work done that there is no terminal moraine at the lower end. The river can lift it all. Glance at the south-east side. There runs the Furggen glacier, doing the same work. So on the south side. Walking over the surface you can hear the craunch that crushes rock to sand, and the grind that turns sand to dust. Therefore the rivers never lack their burden; therefore there is no accumulation of chips about the foot of the monument, or statue, while the work goes on.

One might think this process would tend to flatness, and not precipitousness. Not so. Clear away the foot of a mountain, and the pressure

of the superincumbent mass is so immense that rock will not abide, but flies in splinters. Coal often leaps out like grape-shot from the breast of a gallery, because it cannot endure the pressure of the mountain above. The lower down the greater the pressure, and the greater the tendency to break away. Thus the mountain is undermined. Then follows a breaking down of the cliffs above, and where a range of mountains stood sublime there only remains a solitary shaft. The rest is on the plains of Italy, Switzerland, and in the sea.

Never shall I forget my first clear vision of its majesty and glory. It had rained dismally all night. But up in its upper airs the wind had driven the moist snow against its steep sides, and whitened it from summit to base. At nine o'clock Sunday morning the enfolding clouds rolled away, and it stood out in the heavens above without any visible support, white as an angel's wing, pure and stable enough for the throne of God. I felt awed, and almost afraid. For an hour or two the shifting clouds gave us visions of as much as we could bear till we went to church, and heard read the lesson of the day: "In His hands are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also."

Neither shall I ever forget my last visions. I was going down through deep ravines and among lofty mountains to Chatillon, thirty miles to the south. Again and again I bade it farewell, thinking that I had gazed upon its sublime head for the last time. But, again and again, its dazzling whiteness would peer out over the dark mountains with which I was surrounded. It never seemed to grow more distant. It almost assumed the appearance of a personality, watching me down through the dark surroundings of the ravine. It seemed like the pillar of cloud to the Israelites—as if God were in it. It showed how hard it is to get away from great things and questions. They meet you at every turn; tower over you like a colossus of doom, or angel of protection. And, when the great thing enlarges into the infinite, you can never begin to get away.

XII.

A GERMAN PORTFOLIO.

A PICTURE OF SOCIAL LIFE.

CHANCED upon such a bit of pure German life here last night that I must sketch it. We came from Antwerp *via* Aix-la-Chapelle. As we sat taking our supper I saw an advertisement of an *Abonnements Concert*, to be given in the hall immediately adjacent on that very evening. Even before we were half through supper the doors were thrown open, and we had, mingled with our dessert, some of the choicest productions of Mendelssohn, Sivori, Paganini, Mozart, and Weber. We did not finish that supper till ten o'clock. It was as if we had chanced upon a bit of real nature in a shady grotto in spring-time, where there was a smell of violets but no sight of them, an assurance that May flowers must grow in such a place, a place full of musical water and birds, and you have only to half doze to have it full of nymphs and dryads. So we found a real bit of German nature, and we knew it by the smell. I had asked a half a dozen men not to smoke in

the cars during the day's ride, for the ladies were not used to it. Immediately some one else would get in, and Sysiphean work had to be begun anew. But here every man, and some women, began to puff. It looked like too large a job to enforce "nicht rauchen" on that crowd. Besides, for that very thing they had come. The hall was set with little tables. Waiters circulated every-where, bottles abounded, and in the midst of the most affecting passages in C minor you would hear the squeaking pop of the cork. The smoke cloud's rolling dun got so thick that it was difficult to see clearly. Then was introduced the witch's dream. The music was most weird, full of unexpected starts; strains began, and turned to something else. Fifty Germans jerking at fiddles, whanging on cymbals, and the jerkiest of them all standing up on high in a dense fog acting as a conductor, were enough to realize to our dull senses any conception the witchiest witch ever had. When I used to go to fireworks on Boston Common, they were wont to burn all sorts of compounds of villainous saltpeter to get a sulphurous canopy over head, black enough to make the later fires show brightly. So here. It needed a thick, heavy atmosphere, one that would not vibrate sharply and quickly, that the soft, tender passages might

glide softly and gently. So audience and musicians combined to produce the finer effects.

The music was marvelously well done, the drinking and smoking marvelously ill done. Even the ladies unused to smoke forgot its presence in something so fine and spirituelle. Hereafter I do not think I shall ask people not to smoke in the cars. The worst feature of it was a family of English-speaking people, I trust not Americans, who entered into the whole thing with the greatest zest, consuming cigars by the dozen, and bottles of wine even, the mother and little son declining neither. We unanimously concluded that we did not wish any young man, in whom we were interested, to come to Germany till he was wine and smoke proof, that is, as safes are fire and burglar proof, to keep them out.

It is needful that concerts be cheap in Germany; for how could one ask a lady to an entertainment, where the price of the music poured into the ear would be small compared to the price of the wine poured into her throat, and the smoke poured into her nose? The musicians all came down into the audience during the long recess, and clinked glasses, and helped their friends add another degree of dinginess to the smoked atmosphere, then went back and played their softest. We every-

where see that fineness dwells with grossness. Some finest fancies are distilled from bad gin ; and evidently some of the finest music can be rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by wine-bibbers and smokers.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

I have always had the reputation of going wild on cathedrals. I am willing. I have always contended that the one at Milan bore away the palm. I repent. This one at Cologne is incomparable. Perhaps I adhered to Milan because I saw it last, and maybe shall again.

“ How happy I could be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away.”

Think of an arched, groined, solid brick ceiling, one hundred and seventy feet high, supported by sixty clusters of branching columns ; of five aisles five hundred and eleven feet long, two towers five hundred and eleven feet high, covered not with a roof that one sees or thinks of, but with a forest of five thousand pinnacles connected with flying buttresses, a perfect wilderness of stone, filled with myriad leaves, roses, arabesques, and even seemingly living things. No, you cannot think it. It is no use to try. But come and see it ; and if you do not run about its vastness, admire

a hundred varying pictures, shout halleluia like a well-born Methodist, and declare it is the grandest conception of the brain and creation of the hand of man, you are very different from me. This one building is worth coming three thousand five hundred miles to see; and when I remember that the British Channel is part of the distance, it is saying a great deal, but not too much.

We went into the sculptors' shops and saw new blocks just finished, full of fresh, new beauty; for this building, founded six hundred years ago, is not yet finished. But all Germany is actively pushing its completion. It almost seemed a pity that such single blocks, so beautiful in form and foliated cusp—one finial twenty feet high, just placed, won unbounded admiration at the Paris Exposition—should be lost in the immensity of the structure, and the contiguity of a thousand others. But there could be no grand cathedral else. Every individual helps to make the grand completeness. And the true eye sees every one. So when the living stones are polished to the similitude of a palace, and builded into the temple of our God for a habitation of the Spirit, no stone will be too beautiful for the structure, none overlooked by the all-seeing Eye. Blessed is he who is fit to be placed near the chief Corner-stone.

RHINE HILLS AND WIESBADEN PLAINS.

(Like many another picture, this one is chiefly valuable because it is somewhat old. 1869.)

The relation between these seeming contrarieties is simple and intimate. After days of lounging among the hills of the ever-beautiful stream, I am whirled into this unbroken plain at evening, and though I left there hills, toil, poverty, frugality, and find here plain, luxury, wealth, and wasteful prodigality, yet the connection seems natural and intimate. Even the bees labor not for their own profit, and the laboring classes toil to support the waste of the idle. The wine grows on the slowly disintegrating stone of the Rhine hills, but it is brought here to be consumed. I have seen more money staked and lost here in half a minute than the toil of hundreds, along the steeps of the Rhine, could produce in a year. Were it not that the million toiled for the thousand to spend, there must be less prodigality. While these laces and jewels are before my eye, I see through them all to the hard toil of so many hundreds who earn, but never wear them. Up those extremely steep hills are toiling in the hot sun, without which no grape could hoard its sweetness, hundreds of women, with hard hands, bare arms, and coarsest raiment, all their blighted lives, to earn the gold that that finely

dressed lady lays with such seeming carelessness on the gaming table, for such a brief moment, till the wheel of fate stops and the banker rakes it in. For a dozen centuries have the millions of Europe been giving their earnings to the few, and hence a few such places as this are possible.

How like a mounting devil in the heart rules and raves the passion for gambling. I first thought it was all in fun. The gambling had just opened, the stream of chat flowed quite noisily. People hardly cared to look whether the chances were favorable or not. The bankers hoed in and flung out without much scrutiny. But soon all talk stopped. Players kept lists of all the lucky numbers; they consulted lists kept on former occasions. Hands began to tremble. Faces grew hard and sharp. Color came and went. Breathing was audible in many cases. One old man had been lucky for a long time. He left his growing pile on the lucky number till it reached a very large sum, when all at once it went to the banker's hoard at one fell swoop. He fell back into a chair, and did not rally for a long time. A brown, hard-handed man came in, and reached over and laid down his coin, evidently his only piece, just earned likely. He lost and turned away, penniless, no doubt. An old lady, evidently not rich, stood

nervously fingering a small bag of coin. Several times she won, and looked exultant; then lost nearly all she had. Such a revulsion of feeling is inexpressible in words.

Around me was an Eden garden, all of beauty and grace that God gives to trees, twining vines, blooming roses, flowing water, and graceful birds. But here also Satan had come; here he proffered the seductive fruit; here came men to eat greedily, even after they found it to be evil, only evil, and that continually. The few hundreds that play here lose one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars every year, and still they play on, and will, till the law that has doomed the practice goes into force some two years hence.

CASTLE OF THE WARTBURG.

Its commanding height was soon reached, its relics of Luther and Saint Elizabeth examined, and I sat down to view the vast stretch of country that lies at the foot of this place of power. I lingered long after the sun had gone down, and the full moon lit up the wide landscape.

As I sat on the old drawbridge, long after every thing about the castle had become quiet, and the sounds of life in the city below had sunk to rest, I closed my eyes, and saw troops of the men that

for ages have made this place their strong tower. They passed in by me—crusaders from Palestine, pilgrims from Rome, peasants asking charity, lords having extorted taxes, slaves bearing burdens, tyrants dragging captives; all the old armor in the museum was full of men, those mailed forms of horses were prancing with life, and just as all the past lived before me in imagination, some one began to play a harp in reality in one of the rooms above me, and the grand contest of skill among the Minnesingers of four hundred and fifty years ago became a thing of to-day. Other instrumental music followed, and the contest seemed to be going forward, when suddenly all was changed in a moment. A magnificent voice began to sing Old Hundred. Three hundred years passed in a flash, and Luther was there in the very room where he so often sung, if he did not compose, that grand old song of praise. The contest of warriors disappeared, the trial of singers became as nothing, for Luther sang to fight the devil. His carnal weapon, the inkstand, had proved unavailing, and having learned that the “devil cannot abide good music,” he was pouring forth the best he knew to his discomfiture. There was an evident spirit of victory ringing out in those exultant notes. The song ceased, and I could see Luther, in what he

called his Patmos, writing his translation of the Bible, to give God's word to the people of Germany. What a word of power!

For hundreds of years Power has had here its seat. As far as the eye can reach it made itself felt century after century. Up this hill, over this drawbridge, under this heavy gateway, have come suppliants asking mercy, subjects bringing tribute, mighty men to do homage; but it has all passed away, and the power never reached beyond the horizon's rim. But in that cell that looks out on the western sky, yet faintly blushing with the hues of sunset, sits a man preparing to send out God's word of power. It goes forth, and the continent cannot contain its divine energy. It runs to and fro in the whole earth; it increases with the lapse of time. Surely this is the place to learn, that while some trust in horses, and some in chariots, we should remember the name and word of the Lord our God.

PALACES AND HOVELS.

I have walked through many palaces, have been wearied with their extent, dazzled by their brilliancy, and amazed at their incalculable richness. But right by their doors I come to the hovels of the poor. I do not wonder that Death knocks

with equal step at their several doors; they are close together. I see in the very gardens, where the velvet turf is not good enough for the feet of royalty, old, withered, crushed women, down on their scarcely protected knees, delving their hands in the dirt. They have never known ease, refinement, development. They are beasts of burden. They stagger under loads it often takes two men to lift to their backs. I have seen girls not eight years old already put into training for the life from which there can be no escape. As I think of this these treasures of fine gold become dim, the silver is cankered, these gorgeous tapestries are moth-eaten. Much as I love art and beauty, I should like to sell four or five palaces I have seen, and devote the proceeds to the elevation of the peasantry, whose ancestors have earned it all.

I close here in Berlin as I began near the banks of the Rhine, for the same thought has been pressed on me at every step. A hundred toil for one to waste. Every-where are we told that the life of the toiler is of no value. Let it be expended in works of folly. Amid all these boundless gatherings in museums there is nowhere shown a labor-saving machine. An old pipe of some despicable tyrant, a toe-nail of some disreputable saint, a plate out of which some king had his dog

eat, is much more highly prized. So men mow, I suppose, though I have seen ten women mowing, to one man, with a straight, heavy snath. They hoe with such abominable instruments, that the temptation to go down on one's knees and dig with the hands is often yielded to. They clatter round in heavy wooden shoes. When I consider that a German has clogs on his feet, and a tremendous pipe always in his teeth, I cease to wonder at the slowness of his movements.

THE GRANDER RHINE.

I apply this descriptive phrase to the river Elbe, at the close of a long ride upon its waters. Its features of grandeur and its pictures of beauty are all fresh. Its long and varied panorama is still floating before me. To be sure, the Rhine pictures are, farther back, overlaid by a thousand pictures of art and nature, succeeded by scenes of the greatest civil, æsthetic, and ecclesiastical importance. But still I think the epithet to be a proper one, and believe I shall think so when time shall have set the two panoramas at such distance as to make the comparison more just.

The two rivers have much in common. Each is born in the Alps, has very few tributaries, is so fed from eternal hills that they know little of

drought in summer; each flows mostly through very level and fertile plains, and has near its middle portion a mountainous region of about one hundred miles, through which to make its way amid scenes of alternate sublimity and beauty.

The Rhine is superior to the Elbe in historic interest. Along its narrow shores have tramped the legions of the armies of all adjacent nations since history told us of its existence. By its side one begins to feel amazed that there meets him at such a distance from Rome, over the intervening Alps, along its ways of such extreme difficulty, such astonishing proof of the power of the empire of the "Eternal City." The pilgrimage to Rome begins in England. It lies along the highway of this ancient river. Indeed, one almost seems to have reached the Rome he has read of in Tacitus and Cæsar as name after name, inscription after inscription, and abundant sculpture from Roman chisels, meet his eye. Along this river have marched the armies of nearly all modern Europe. Here feudalism flourished, and here, thank God! died, leaving such gigantic relics of its power as to make one wonder that tyranny could attain such dominance, and servitude such utter subjection.

But the Elbe has its advantages over the Rhine. Its mountains are higher, their forms much more

picturesque. The history of man's connection with it is much more pleasing, and the condition of man along its banks far better. Most of the rock is a white sandstone. Cleavage is both horizontal and perpendicular. Frequently a rock will be so eaten out into fissures, perpendicularly, as to appear like the many-columned nave of a Gothic church. Frequently they rise in regularly tapering pinnacles. Ofttimes vast rounded masses seem poised on columns quite too small for their support. The walls have a perpendicularity that is calculated to fill one with awe, as the steamer runs so near as to be crushed, should one of the rounded masses be started by a breath. Houses are built with only three walls, the rock affording a fourth. Houses are inserted where five hundred feet of rock overhangs the roof. Standing on the bow of the steamer, you can sometimes hardly hear the noise of the swift paddle-wheels, for the multitudinous echoes of them that sound like a near cascade.

The condition of man is more pleasing. The region is not cursed with wine-raising. The houses have a neat, roomy, and comfortable look. The flying shadows on the waving fields of grain are much more beautiful than the ghastly stiffness of peeled vine-stakes. The mountain sides are

worked as quarries for scores of miles. There is greater wealth in stone and ice than in all the rich blood of the grape. Fewer women were at work in the fields; their homes were worthier of their care. Thus is shown the influence of the Protestant religion. For Catholicism bestows on one woman such adoration, that it absolves itself from respect to all the rest of womankind. I saw the change back again as I came to the Bohemian frontier, above Aussiz. Crosses stood by the roadside, and crowned the highest hills; near by were thirty women in one field, and soon after a gang at work in a quarry, and another shoveling earth on a railway embankment.

There is a very extensive commerce on the Elbe, hardly any on the Rhine. Enterprise, thrift, beauty, sublimity, combined in single pictures or succeeding each other in alternating visions, and crowded into a day of unusual beauty, have united to render this a day of richest experiences.

A PRAGUE PICTURE.

Lounging out into an open square at half past eight, just after getting into Prague, I saw a picture somewhat novel. Before a monument, into which had been set a bedizened figure of the Virgin, illuminated by half a dozen candles, sat a

priest, in citizen's dress, chanting, with forty Yankee nasal power, a mass. Occasionally he shook a quart cup that had a few kreutzers in it, as an invitation to the faithful to make further deposits. His musical accompaniment, copper rattled in tin, seemed to chime excellently with his voice. His manner was that of supreme indifference to every thing but the prospect of cash. His audience was made up mostly of the poorest class of women, kneeling on the hard stones beside their laid-off burdens. They joined occasionally in the chant, and continually inspected the new arrivals. A lady stood among them rather elegantly dressed. She was more studied than any Venus I have seen in all the galleries of art I have visited in a fortnight. They went over her with hungry eyes, from head to foot, again and again. Some forgot chant and rosary in the inspection, and others not. Breathing a prayer to the Creator that he would hear all sincere praying, I turned away from what was a pretense of worship. O for another John Huss in Prague!

XIII.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

CATHEDRALS have their individual characteristics as truly as their builders.

The peculiarity of this one consists in having a kind of out-work of slender columns, arches, and inclosed niches, thrown like a vail of barred muslin over the front. In some places it nearly conceals the background of cathedral wall, and holds the eye in its entanglement of beauty. Especially when the westerling sun casts the shadows of this projected out-work upon the main wall it seems doubled, and the real wall almost hidden. When one considers that this kind of work is carried up four hundred and sixty-six feet, the light, graceful, airy effect that is produced must be confessed to be indescribable. Into this delicate tracery crashed the shells and balls of the Germans in 1870. Its effect can be imagined. You can stand in one spot and count where thirty shells struck the spire. They tore into this slender drapery; they crashed through its gorgeous windows; they smote interior columns, leaving great

ugly scars that time cannot heal. One made wild music in the organ, never intended by the builder; and on the night of August 25, the roof over the vast church took fire. Streams of melted copper poured down the gutters, and spires of flame leaped up to vie with the tallest spire of stone man has ever erected. The flames ceased only when there was nothing more to burn. Still the French maintained a post of observation in the spire, and still the Germans rained their shells upon it. The very cross on the apex was hit, and saved from falling only by the lightning-rod. They say the building was struck by two hundred and fifty shells.

The general effect is much less than might be expected. A careless observer might hardly notice any effect of the bombardment. The open work let the shells pass in to the solid stone and out again. You see, far up, part of a battlement gone, a pillar replaced by brick-work, and some light scantling where stone ought to be. To be sure, the roof is not yet replaced, but this is hardly noticeable from the ground, as the solid arches over the church were not affected by the destruction of the roof. The building teems with workmen, and soon most of the marks of war will be seen only by bright new stones that take the place of those injured.

This magnificent structure has seen many perils, and survived them all. It has been shaken by four earthquakes, struck by lightning, and more or less thrown down nine times—has been ravaged by fire five times—endured the Jacobin fury in 1793, tearing down two hundred and thirty-seven of the statues, and proposing to treat its lofty spire as they treated the column in the Place Vendome in Paris eighty years later. But it stands in such wondrous perfection as to make one see the propriety of comparing God's spiritual work to a temple. Begun long ago, it is not yet finished—room enough for new stones; and none of it old.

It stands where the Celts once had a Druidical forest, and offered human victims. The Romans built on the spot a temple to Hercules and Mars. One of the statues of the former still decorates the present building. Since 510 the site has been occupied by a Christian church. About 1015, one of those spasms of sacrifice seized the country, and from one to two thousand men toiled at the erection of this cathedral—not for pay, but for the salvation of their souls. Grander than sculptured frieze, lofty column, grand façade, and pinnacled spire, is the fact connected with nearly all these old cathedrals, that men toiled at their deep foundations, cut the hard stone into beauty, and lifted

it into its place for the good of their souls, for the joy of sacrifice. It sweetens much of the taint of blood that so deeply stains those ages.

It is hard at first to reconcile one's ideas of a church with the multitude of possible and impossible animals that these old builders scattered over their structures. You may stand either on the north or south side and count, without moving, over thirty huge animals, with heads of bulls, dogs, bats, gnomes, and fiends, put on the most inconceivable bodies, and projecting two or three feet, to serve as ornaments and water-spouts. Some tear their jaws open with their hands, to let the water run out; others are doubled up with a perpetual belly-ache; others, again, have such an evident nausea, that a stream from the mouth is the most natural thing to be expected. They grin, leer, cock their heads one side, and seem to roar with pain day and night, century by century. Gothic seems the right word to apply to this style. But these old builders believed that imps thronged the churches, so they set them to service, always on the outside—made them bearers of water—set them to do menial work. But that grim humor, that ran almost wild in producing quaint images, could curb itself to carving the holy exaltation of an angel's face, or the tender sweetness of a child's.

Something is needed for variety, where such an immense number of human statues are introduced. Eighteen equestrian statues will be needed to fill the niches on the front. A single portal has fifteen life-size statues, seventy groups of statues (of from two to five figures) twenty inches high, and so admirably done that the Scripture scenes they represent are recognizable at once; besides ninety-six figures cut in bas-relief. In addition to all this statue-work, the pedestals, canopies, little animals, not over three inches long, and arabesque work, fine as a worsted thread, are too wonderful for description. Nothing short of a *study* should be given to these grand results of human thought and toil. All the best work, thought, feeling, and love of centuries crystallized in these glorious piles. What seems but a maze of meaningless marbles at first glance, marches out as the whole story of sin, redemption, and final glory, to him who patiently lingers to study and feel. These men were earnest, and full of the sublime gospel that they put into stone. Few in those ages could read the printed page; but written in stone, the one object that towered toward heaven, the first the sun kissed in the morning, and the last on which he smiled at night, every untaught peasant could read "that sweet story of old." And because we have learned other

languages, and have other pages to read, is no reason why we should be blind to what men felt in their hearts, slowly cut into stone, and set up to endure. There is often more power to stir feeling in a stone than in a page. Each truly holds, and yet utters what feeling was put into it. The very gates and stones of Jerusalem were precious to God and his people. So is every stone over which a human heart has brooded, till it has been warmed into life, and made to take the heart's meaning. How much more where millions have been builded into shapes of beauty and power.

I have been to four churches to-day, besides the Cathedral. Various attractions were offered to fill the houses, and with various results. The first was a funeral. It was quite successful, for death has always a strong interest. Even the Christian hope only mitigates its severity, and leaves survivors suffering within the limits of endurance. The next was royal congregational singing, with a great German volume of sound, and it succeeded pretty well. The next was the monumental church of St. Thomas. It had some of the most striking results of art, good preaching, and military patronage, in its favor. It was filled. The next was the Church of England service. There were twenty present.

Then I went to the Cathedral. There was a dense mass of humanity, standing up and packed together; I could hardly wedge myself into it. The mass sweat and steamed. Every man took a Turkish bath in five minutes, without charge; stretched his neck, and stood on tip-toe. What in the world was it? I could neither see nor hear any service. Soon I discovered. The cock was about to crow, and the puppets to march on the great clock. They did their work as they have done it every day at noon for years, and that crowd melted in a different sense from what it threatened to five minutes before.

I advise every Church that has not full houses to get a wooden cock to crow at 10.30 A.M., and have the pastor begin immediately after.

XIV.

UNDER A SALT MOUNTAIN.

I HAVE just had a new sensation. Previously I have explored the surface of the world, sailed on its rivers, climbed its mountains, and crossed its plains; but to-day I have been down to the "waters under the earth." Ten o'clock found me walking through a long avenue lined on either side with magnificent trees, leading to the entrance of the salt mine at Berchtesgaden. Turning to the left, and stepping into the office, I bought a ticket of admittance, and was attired in proper costume—white pants, black sack coat, girdle, and cap. This, with a lantern carried in the hand or stuck in the belt, completed the equipment. The costume of the ladies being the same, they were congratulated on obtaining their rights at last. Preceded by a guide, we walked straight into the heart of the mountain twelve hundred feet, through a tunnel built of solid masonry. At the end we turned, and going up a flight of one hundred and twenty-six steps, came to the borders of a salt sea.

It is quite large, and of an irregular shape, lighted at intervals by small lamps placed around the edge. These are so perfectly reflected in the calm water below as to appear like two rows. Two small boats were at the shore, and the silent boatmen standing by beckoned us to them. They might have resembled the boatmen of Charon for their silence and blackness, and the gloom of the still, dark water. Our own voices seemed so hollow, and so out of place, that they were quickly hushed, and naught was heard save the ripple of the water against the prow of the boat, and the dip of the oars. As we approached the center, the sound of falling water was suddenly heard, and, turning, we discovered a fountain had burst up close by us. The streams lifted themselves up in the darkness, and, gleaming in the uncertain light a moment, fell again with as sweet a music as though playing in the bright sunshine above. Our silent boatmen rowed us away to the other side, and we were glad to be on land once more, even though it was under the surface.

This water is brought into the mountain for the purpose of extracting the salt and rendering its transportation easy. It is conducted down to Berchtesgaden, and there pumped up over the hills, and allowed to run in pipes to Trauenstein, Rosen-



9741

Interior of a Salt Mine : The Slide.

heim, and other places more than thirty miles away. There the water is evaporated by allowing it to trickle down through cords of loose brush, built into high walls often five thousand feet long. Curiously enough, just before this brine becomes sufficiently evaporated to have the salt deposit itself in the solid form of cubic crystals, it is sufficiently evaporated to have the impurities crystallize and deposit themselves on the bushes, leaving the salt brine pure. The bushes then have the appearance of trees after a heavy fall of snow, when no wind has brushed it from the branches.

A few steps away from the sea we came to a new way of getting down stairs. There was a smooth shoot, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees; seating ourselves in this, we slid to the bottom in two seconds. Hair flew, garments fluttered; suspicions of slivers flashed horribly upon us; queries as to whether that deep blackness might not be bottomless were just starting into prominence, when the slope suddenly became less steep, and we reached the bottom. I wonder such sliding down stairs has not been introduced into every house. This descent brought us to another long archway, through which we passed, coming out in a large room where two men were at work. The

walls were of rock salt, and in these they were drilling holes for blasting. We next came into a gallery from which we looked down into another excavation sixty feet below us. A second enjoyable slide took us to the bottom.

We then came to what is called the mineral cabinet. Here was an arched entrance made of the translucent rock salt. Behind each block a lamp had been placed, the light of which shone through with a pure white, pale yellow, or delicate rose tint. Beyond this arch is a small recess of a semi-circular shape. At the back is a large block of pure white salt with a crown carved on the front and under it an \mathcal{L} , the initial of Ludwig, King of Bavaria, who is owner of the mine. In front of it is a small jet of the saltiest water playing into a basin ornamented with stones found in the mine. Around the sides of the recess were pyramids formed of salt crystals and curiosities.

Turning our backs on this beautiful exhibition, we found a carriage standing ready to take us out of the mine. Not such a carriage as would be used in Central Park of New York, or the Champs Elysees of Paris, but one far better adapted to the place. It is a bench ten feet long, and mounted on a wheeled platform. I seated myself astride of it, and, drawn by the power of gravity, dashed

along the dark underground passages with such speed as extinguished the lights, and left us rumbling on in darkness toward the door. We knew the passage was small; we could touch either side as we rushed. How low it might be we had no means of judging. What perils lurked for us in that utter blackness, what trains we might meet, what accidents might occur, might be dreaded but not imagined. Suddenly we burst out into the light of day.

How this vast mass of salt came here we should be glad to know. In Bex it forms a perpendicular vein, and baffles investigation. Elsewhere it often seems to be the residuum of dried-up seas, leaving in a solid mass all the salt the rivers brought from a continent. Three per cent. of the ocean is salt, accumulated in the long ages, by having every river bring what it has washed from the soil, and having none leave by evaporation. The whole amount would equal five times the mass of the Alps, stretching as they do, like crested billows of the sea, two hundred miles wide and one thousand miles long. Dry up a portion, and it would easily make a mountain of salt.

Sprinkling a little dust of salt this evening on the butter that all Europe insists on giving you fresh, I fall into a little meditation on how much

butter the salt taken out of those twelve miles of passages and sub-montane caverns would season. It comes to me that that one mine can produce but a small dust in the balance that weighs all the salt produced in the world. Men have consumed more than a whole mountain of salt. Europe, alone, uses five millions of tons in a single year. It is amazing, especially when we consider that it is as really rock as granite. Our two hundred men moiling under Höhe Göhl can only produce a six-thousanthd of the whole. I wonder the whole race has not followed the example of Lot's wife.

Yet I have a kind of fondness for this sparkling mineral. It is the emblem of the most delectable Attic thought; the pledge of the Arab's friendship; the symbol of the preserving power of grace. I must knead a little more into this butter.

X I.

OVER THE SPLÜGEN.

T is quite an experience to live through the varied history of a single day; it has its silver dawn, bright noon, and golden close. It is more to absorb into one's permanent acquisitions all the fleeting impressions of a year. It has the irrepressible outburst of life in spring, the bloom of summer, the wealth of autumn, and the rest of winter. It is richer yet to pass from the intoxicating luxuriance within the tropics, where every spot of earth and every breath of air teems with exuberant life, to the frozen regions where only the hardiest animals are found, and only the lichens can embroider a feeble fringe on the robes of retreating winter. How much longer and richer is that experience that lives through human history and is familiar with its feelings, national peculiarities, loves, hates, the inspirations of liberty, the assumptions of tyranny, and the resultant struggles that have converted a thousand plains to battle-fields, and a thousand mountains to strongholds, held desperately by a handful when

assaulted as desperately by armies. But how much longer and richer is that experience that embraces the evolutions of the geological eons. It begins with feeling the moving of the Spirit of God on the formless void ; it hears the first, "God-said ;" it is present at the grand setting up of suns and planets ; hears the world's ribs crack, and feels its whole frame tremble as the mountains are raised and the dry land appears ; it sees the earth's crust modified through primary, secondary, and tertiary developments ; the beginning and development of life in a million grades ; and it feels the grand pulses of the life of God beating with incessant throb, from that first stir in the darkness, up to the last thrill of a loving soul that is leaping to the love of God.

There is one place where, to the extent of a man's ability to feel, all these experiences may be crowded into a single day ; and that place is an Alpine pass. He begins with the gray of dawn, and the golden curtains of evening are gathered about his repose. He pants in the summer heat in the first hours of his journey, but he puts his feet on eternal snows, and breathes the chill breaths that come from the glaciers before night. There is no exuberance of life that does not riot in tropic Italy as he leaves it ; no barrenness of the poles that does not frown

around him as he stands on the summit. In his way he marks where the inspirations of the liberty of these high peaks have held these passes against hordes of the minions of despotism, where avalanches have sent whole columns down sunless abysses, and where has bloomed for centuries that last consummate flower of human government—a republic.

But he is especially able to condense into a single day all geologic eons. He can put his hand on the product of the primeval fire in the splintered granite of these peaks. The immense limestone products of the world buttress these tall Alps on both sides. The Jura chain lies right in sight, as the hugest exponent of the limestone period. Between it and the central chain lie vast conglomerates. The diluvial periods are at work yet, with inconceivable power, in a hundred mountain torrents and untamable rivers. Many a smiling valley has been converted into a desert of sand, gravel, and boulders, in a single night. When a gorge takes a frolic, and the torrent tears the rocks from their bed, and tumbles the pile down a few thousand feet, the hugest rocks are pulverized and spread over acres in an hour. I have seen rocks fifteen feet in diameter that had been tossed like pebbles in the past four years; and ten feet

of broken rock that had been shoveled into a man's back yard only a few days before. And that great breaking-up plow, the glacier, is still turning its huge furrows among the granite boulders and pulverizing them to dust. Yes, to the extent of his ability, a man condenses the widest experiences into a single day in the Alps.

But let us come to particulars. Passing by scenery that would make the reputation of any country but Switzerland, we enter the *via mala*. Its first gate-post is fifteen hundred feet high; nearly a third of a mile. Think of such a distance each side of you, and then raise it to the perpendicular on either hand. Down the steep gorge roars the young Rhine; up it creeps the winding road. You soon find yourself above the top of that tall gate-post, overlooking its summit to the plain below. A stone dropped perpendicular from the low parapet of the road consumes six seconds in reaching the river. The roar of its dashing has sunk to a whisper, but the smoke of its torment in that tortuous glen rises forever. The rocks show every sign of the power that raised and cleft them. They are torn, split, twisted, and puckered, their strata contorted, and left as evidence of the power that took up these islands as a very little thing.

Just at this point we find that twenty feet of the

road has slipped down the fearful declivity into the river. A few light fir-trees have been put across, and some boughs and dirt laid on. Had I seen it before being right on the swaying structure, I should have preferred trusting myself on it alone, instead of being in company with five horses and a lumbering *diligence*. I think every one added the weight of a cubic foot of air as he looked over the unprotected side into the river so far below.

The road frequently leaps the ravine at a single bound. A mile from Rongellen the chasm is so narrow that the river, three hundred feet below, is sometimes lost from view by reason of the crookedness of the walls. In 1834 the water filled the whole depth of three hundred feet, and foamed and dashed almost against the bridge. You cease to wonder that the road climbs such airy heights and clings to such dizzy precipices, when you see what a fierce and insurrectionary enemy ever lies in wait for its destruction.

These high mountains have afforded ample field for the development of engineering. And the old Romans, who tramped the hills and valleys of three continents into roads, have been admirable examples and instructors in the art.

Road-making is a science peculiar to this coun-

try. Fair, smooth places must often be avoided, and the perpendicular precipice chosen, for the avalanche sweeps the one irresistibly, but overshoots the other. Where these avalanche-swept places cannot be avoided the road is buried under sloping roofs for hundreds of feet, that shoot the falling mass into the valley below.

Having passed the summit we came to the Cardinal Gorge. In December, 1818, General Macdonald led a division of troops this way to Italy. A severe snow-storm came on, and the swift avalanches swept the path again and again, hurling whole columns of men down the abyss. It was an enemy they could not fight. Slowly they plodded on, and, without warning to eye or ear, a wide gap of death would be opened in their line. There were no wounded to pick up, no fire to be returned, no shouts to be uttered; but they must walk on, silently awaiting their fate. For ten days this army of fifteen thousand men struggled on, clinging like insects to the mountain side, far above all vegetation, pierced with wild winds, dying of cold, always breast-deep in snow, often blinded by its whirling mist, never for a moment certain of another hour.

A better road has been chosen on the other side, but even there it has to be protected by sheds for

nearly three fifths of a mile. The descent into that gorge to Isola is something grand. Just before we commence it we pause at the Medesimo waterfall, which leaps clear at one bound seven hundred feet. The road has been constructed right down the face of that precipice. Much of the way it is only wide enough for a single carriage; and you have no idea how narrow that seems, with a thousand feet precipice below you. It is about half blasted out of the rock, and half rests on a wall built to its height. It doubles back and forth in short zigzags, the inner wall of one road being the outer wall of the one above. There is a railing on the outside, made of seven by eight inch wooden posts, and two three by four inch rails. The bugle rings its shrill warning that none venture up the road. The conductor goes to the break. The driver yells like mad, and cracks his whip like fourth of July. The horses know their work; they tear down these fearful declivities at the top of their speed. Two rods ahead is a precipice of a thousand feet. Just as their noses reach it, the break brings all to a halt. They spring round with their slanted feet among the posts, and, like a parcel of wild cattle, come almost parallel with the body of the coach. The break is loosened, and we whirl on a new departure. My seat

is in the banquette, a seat that rises high and projects far behind the rear wheels. It is the place of the last boy in the game of "snap the whip." Several times the hind wheels swing round so vehemently as to slip toward the verge of the precipice. I am switched round where I can look down a thousand feet, and think of Macdonald's army. Were this my first experience of the kind, my hair, limber as it is, would stand on end. As it is, I stand up and shout as I would at a camp-meeting. I lean out from my perch, and gather summer flowers, just as, an hour before, I reached for snow-balls from the tunneled drifts.

Soon we come to a long Latin inscription, recording when this road was built and by whom. And the work is worthy of record. Man blazons the fact that he is able to creep up one of these thousand precipices a little way, and thus tells the story of his power. God's power is written all over these heights. He set up these columns where men might blast a thousand years and hardly make a mark that an angel would notice in flying over. He lays up these reservoirs a mile above us, and pours these cataracts abundant for a thousand years as for a day. He rolls these rivers on the earth, but a broader one, to keep them full, in the air above. "Mar-

velous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

I went to a cemetery yesterday, about the only one I know of that is not likely to be disturbed. It might have been supposed that Cheops would rest in peace under his mountain, or that Pompeii had been sufficiently buried. But Cheops' mountain was a magnet that drew the spoiler and curiosity-hunter from the most distant lands, and the city of the dead is the busiest part of Italy. I read, when a boy, of the avalanche in the beautiful valley of Bregaglia, that buried the city of Plurs so utterly that no single soul escaped, nor has a single relic ever been discovered. The inhabitants had been abundantly warned, earth-slides had taken place for a period of two weeks. The very day before large rocks left their dizzy perches and bounded into the valley. Even the domestic animals showed great fear, and could scarcely be driven to their accustomed pastures on the heights. But the men had grown careless in the midst of danger. They clung to their possessions despite the imminent peril. In an instant, at midnight, the mountain side gave way, and buried them under sixty feet of broken masses of rock. All attempts to penetrate it were in vain. Of the two thousand four hundred and thirty

inhabitants no single one was exhumed, and probably never will be till the archangel blows the last trump.

I walked up from Chiavenna in the calm and beauty of an Italian Sabbath. The spot is easily discovered, though nature has done its best to conceal its work. To-day a large growth of chestnut trees covers the accumulated soil. Far up the mountain we recognize the site of the resistless rock avalanche, but it is covered with vines and flowers that sweeten the passing breeze. The cascades leap merrily down where they started the mountain side into the valley. And the musical Maira winds among the huge rocks that rolled far beyond the town, and very materially raised its bed. It was fittingly quiet for a cemetery.

XVI.

ADLESBERG CAVERN.

RUSKIN says, "It is better to live in a hut, and have Windsor Castle to be astonished at, than live in Windsor Castle and have nothing to be astonished at!" Well, I must get out of these sublime Alps into Holland, or some other flatness, or pay the penalty of living in the last degree of astonishment. I will let a few pictures come for an hour, that so haunt me, that they appear whenever a quiet moment gives them leave to enter.

They pretend to have a Mammoth Cave in the Julian Alps; and perhaps it is as mammoth as could be expected in Europe. I went to its door the other morning. There was a swift river, four rods wide, too deep to wade and too shoal to swim, running straight into a mountain. And when I remembered, that river appeared again twelve miles from there, a navigable stream at the point of its appearance, I began to feel my expectations materially enlarge. I do not care to remember

that I walked five miles in the cave; went over huge hills; stood under domes from two hundred to four hundred feet high, and six hundred feet across; that I came to and went over the same rushing river; but I do care to remember always what kind of a workshop God's forces work in, and what works they produce.

To say that this is a stalactite and stalagmite cavern, in a limestone formation, means little. Let us try what more words can do. We have, first, a mountain; and let us not set before us a hill, but an Alp thrown up, and its central substance somewhat fissured and possibly somewhat caverned by the upheaval. Then there must be abundant water finding its way through, slowly saturating itself with the limestone, and passing out, carrying through decades of centuries the dissolved rock, and leaving the cavern. Then we must have less abundant water, percolating the mountain from above, and dropping at a million points from the roof to the floor. Now, in some places we observe stalactites, like icicles, hanging from above; in some, stalagmites rising from the floor; in some places, both; and in many, neither.

This is easily accounted for, if we consider the different amounts of water, and the different drying ability of the air in different places. For ex-

ample: When the saturated solution of lime-water drips from above, if the air can evaporate all the water without its dropping to the floor, all the lime will be deposited above, and we have only stalactites. If no water is evaporated above, but is below, we have only stalagmites; if evaporated from both, we have both. If there is too much water to be evaporated beyond a saturated solution, we have neither. If the water drop from an area two feet in diameter, we have a corresponding large result; if from a single point, we may have formations slender as our finger, and of any length that can be supported in a perpendicular position. If, however, there be too much water to be evaporated at a single point, it may run over a larger surface.

In one place I observed them all standing or hanging at a slight angle. I suppose the current of air to have moved regularly through, dried one side, and built out against the wind. One had inclined enough to catch the drippings of another place, and a stalagmite was erecting itself on an inclined stalactite. In another place the roof inclined at an angle of about forty-five degress. Down this incline meandered a gentle rill, never dropping at all. The result was a wide curtain, with intricate folds, not thicker than heavy upholstery, and yards

long. But most curiously, the lime-water was at different times tinctured with some other substance. In one place it was iron, and a strip of red, half an inch wide, was added to the length through all the intricate foldings of the curtain. Then the iron ceased, and the pure white lime appeared again. All these formations are translucent, and a light held behind them produces an effect never to be forgotten.

Here you stand in the very laboratory of God; you hear the quiet drip of his agents. In one place, the point above, that has been reaching in the dark for the point below has just met, and the long-delayed marriage taken place. In another place they lack the breadth of a finger. Elsewhere, the column is ten or twelve feet in diameter from base to capital. When you ask for the length of the process that opens the cavern, and then slowly sets up the columns, you find that the droppings of the last thirteen years have added only the thickness of paper to the previous mass. Imagination grows dizzy after calculation has failed. You can only say, "Thy years, O God, have no end."

I have only hinted at the vast variety of forms. Statues start out of the darkness at your elbow; forms of animals suggest themselves; cascades

pour ceaselessly that have been frozen to stillness ; pulpits, chapels, arcades, prison-bars, constantly appear. Sometimes the surface is dead white ; sometimes crystallized into a million facets, that look like forty bushels of diamonds. As I remember the grand illumination of one of the great halls, I fear there is nothing of that kind to be astonished at till I see the walls and streets of Jerusalem the golden.

XVII.

ALP - LIFE.

 HAVE felt a touch of sadness stealing over me at times to-day, something, I suppose, like an east wind to a rheumatic ; and when I asked for the cause, it was manifest that it was because I had left the Alps behind me. It may seem strange that men get so strongly attached to the Alps. You often meet men who have visited them every year for a dozen years. Alp-climbing grows into a passion. Men peril their lives on icy slopes, over crevasses, and on rocky precipices, and then return to them again with fresh delight. These are not boastful, arrogant men, seeking the bubble reputation by the narration of the difficult feats ; but quiet, unobtrusive men, whose feats you hear of from others, not themselves. The various Alpine clubs contain large numbers of clergymen and men of science. If you ask why they turn to such peril for pleasure, and such toil for rest, they might answer somewhat on this wise :—

There is a delicious freedom in tossing his few pounds of baggage over his shoulders and stepping off into unknown paths, where he may not meet a fellow-being all day long. There is room to shout, sing, or be quiet. The hedging in of the city is broken down. He feels kindred to the bird that hangs motionless above the entrancing landscape, or leaps along his airy pathway, setting wide miles of air to quivering with the thrilling music it seems to shake from its wings. He cares no more for trains and appointments than the bee that buzzes wing-deep in the scented dust of the flowers. This unprecedented variety that surrounds him is assurance against the cloying of his appetite. He wades out of knee-deep grasses and flowers into the fir woods, straight as shafts of light, goes out of these to the bare rocks, and off these to scarcely less hard snows and ice. He is never without bright landscapes, crossed with great black shadows of trees, rocks, and mountains. His "light and shade" is not Bierstadt's, sixteen by eighteen inches, flat as a board, and dull as painted light; it is huge as the eye can sweep, molded by mountains and bright as sunlight. Then, too, the landscapes are never alike. He never says that such a view, mountain, or waterfall is like another. God has given variety to

vastness, and never, like us shallow mortals, repeats himself.

I have now been over fourteen passes in the Alps, from the height of Mount Washington to nearly twice its height, some of them several times. But so far from finding sameness, every one appears different, and I would gladly turn back to-day to go over these, or fourteen more.

Even the flowers, in which God seems to repeat himself, are in endless variety. Sometimes a high slope will be shimmered over with the Alpine roses, like a bright blush spreading over a brown cheek. Then one meets whole fields of blue, far up under the blue sky; charming little forget-me-nots, bells, and fringed gentians bursting up in the very footsteps of retreating snows; and in some instances a single flower will come up through a little hole in the snow, hardly large enough to give it standing room; and at other times whole fields of them will be covered with the snows of the night. They look cold and shivering in the morning; but they bravely wait till relieved by those that spring forward to take their places. Sometimes there is a bed of greenest moss, and sometimes a little plot of flowers, standing so thickly together that there is absolutely no space between them.

"Flower of starry clearness bright!
Quivering urn of colored light!
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich dye
From the intenseness of the sky?"

But perhaps that which charms him most is his own sense of exuberant life. He partakes of the life that nothing can daunt. Men who have crept wearily along flag-stones, spring and leap among rocks, feeling as if their limbs were iron and their sinews steel. Professor Tyndall writes that he felt that his life-work was almost done at one time; but faltering out in his trembling weakness, he breasted a mountain till he washed his blood clean of all the taints of London air in the oxygen of upper Alps, and felt life renewed. A glorious sense of power comes to a man as he stands on a precipice, leaps chasms, or climbs mountains, and not a nerve quivers, or a muscle asks for rest.

He has come where he can see the sky. And that is more of a sight than most of us denizens of the city know. No wonder it is said "The morning and the evening were the day." A rare writer says, "Always look out for the sunset." Whatever gloom or weariness may have filled the toilful day, there is always a gleam of brightness for its close. It is like the cheery smile of the mother before she removes the light and leaves the children in the dark.

Our civilization compels us to be resting when God is creating a new day—when he says, morning by morning, “let there be light.” Not so with the Alp-climber. All these gorgeous decorations are for him. He is interested in their meanings. He does not read his weather “probabilities” in a line of black ink. They are written in the gorgeousness of sunrise. His signals are hung like banners from the mountains, vast trailing streamers that the sun flushes with crimson, bathes with pure light, or leaves dark and dun. Then comes a breath of wind, and these seas of feathery foam go swirling over mountain summits, whirling in vast spirals, and plunging in airy cataracts. He stands between two worlds, buried in neither, and both are his.

Hardly anywhere else does he feel so much with God. These mountains are too large to spell any other name. These torrent and avalanche voices are too loud to utter any other word. These bilowy forests seem swept with flying waves of light and shade by no other hand. And these vast ice rivers, moving as if eternal years were theirs, speak of no one but the Eternal. Almighty forces are around him in full play. He sees no work of man, but work of God, vast, grand, and irresistible, on every side. He sees where mountains

have been tossed like bubbles, where rocky strata hundreds of feet thick have been folded like paper, where the strength of the hills has been broken and valleys dug without machinery. He might be affrighted. But there are the lilies of the fields in their splendor, and the unforgotten sparrows of the air, to assure him that God's power is as minute as it is vast. So he lies down in God's hand, or leaps or shouts with a consciousness of being filled with his power.

The other day I wanted a guide, and one was sent to me.

"Do you know the way over such a pass?"

"Yes, sir, very well."

"Show me your book?"

Here were many recommendations, any one good enough; but I saw the name of a friend. The handwriting was as familiar as if it had arrived that day from America. He said, "This man is a good guide. He knows his business, and does it. You may trust him." I did, closed the book, and said, "I engage you." That night he had my feet shod with iron points, and before daylight I was following him down a fearful precipice. He went before, showed me where to put my feet. I trusted him. We came to the chasms in the glaciers; they were wide, deep, and cold as graves. I looked in

his earnest face, saw his grip on the rope around my waist, thought he could draw me out if I fell in, remembered the sure nails he had put in my shoes, and leaped to him. We climbed icy slopes, where the guide cut every step, and where I could only put my feet by his direction. I momentarily trusted him, and he brought me to a glorious height, and showed me visions of far kingdoms and scenes of entrancing beauty. At the close of the day I found myself in sunny Italy. The streams sang sweetly, the flowers scented the air, luxuriant summer laughed on every side. All the cold snows, rocky roads, icy graves, and hard toils were far behind. I had trusted my guide, and not in vain.

I need another guide. He comes. I ask if He knows all the way, and he tells me he has been over it all, knows every step. He gives me his book. Here are thousands of recommendations, all good; but I see one from my own mother, who tried him many years. She says I may trust him. I do; and find my feet shod with a suitable preparation. We go along fearful slopes, across slippery places; I feel that my feet had well-nigh slipped; I hear him say of others, their foot *shall* slide in due time; but he holds me up. We come to deep, cold graves, but he has power to lift me over, or even draw me out. He

has led the way up many a hill of difficulty, avoided all the precipices, and brought me to the mountains of vision. When I come to the dark valley he will meet me. I shall recognize his familiar voice, feel his strong grasp, feel assured as he tells me he knows the way, has been through it alone, and guided millions safely. Then we shall come into the beautiful land, and find friends waiting where the waters of life go softly; and all the cold snows, rocky roads, icy graves, and hard toils will be far behind.

I have been out this evening to look at half a dozen snow peaks, crimson in the setting sun, piled like clouds above the horizon, taking on various tints as easily and brightly as clouds; but they are nearly fifty miles away. Shall I ever say,

“Ye crags and peaks, I’m with you once again?”

XVIII.

VENERABLE VENICE.

VOUR pleasure in visiting nature depends very much upon the mood in which you find her. I know of no face that is so much improved by a good washing as hers. There are smiling landscapes, frowning skies, laughing brooks, growling winds, and angry seas. Your pleasure is greatly modified by finding an Alp shooting its clean white wedge up into an unfathomable blue sky, or finding fleets of cloud wrecking themselves on the rocks just above you, and scattering their myriad fragments on your drenched head.

I caught Venice in her best mood. I noticed, as I came out into the Piazza of San Marco, that peculiar light that betokens a gorgeous sunset. I instantly raced up the zigzag inclines of the Campanile, and three hundred feet above Venice looked out on Italy. The wind was blowing fearfully; the long lines of white breakers marked every contact of the islands with the Adriatic; and the old tower very perceptibly trembled and shook in the wrestlings of the blast. A thunder-

storm was sweeping from the east along the chain of the Alps at the north. The dark column assaulted peak after peak, with more than the thunderings and shoutings of war, carried height after height, changing, step by step, light, beauty, and glory to darkness and desolation. It seemed an advancing army. But as it neared the sun its darkness was scattered, its portentous masses were halted, and suffused with the glory of a sunset. Peace hung its gorgeous banners over the dark billows, and the rainbow gave token that God was in the storm.

Then the five great bells of the tower began to peal. They made a perfect canopy of sound. It seemed like a real brazen sonance, constantly shaken down and constantly renewed. Then all the bells of the city answered, sending up acres of sound to meet tons from above. It really seemed as broad and weighty as the terms imply. Thus they celebrated the sunset.

The inscription on the great bell at Schaffhausen, cast before America was discovered, "*vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango*,"* embodied the belief of the Middle Ages; and in Venice, with the wind blowing as if the prince of the power

* I call the living, I mourn the dead, I break the lightning.

of the air was let loose, and all the imps of darkness hurling thunderbolts so near the city, they rung their bells as if they believed it yet. Success certainly followed, if it did not result from their efforts.

Soon after, the band commenced to play down in the piazza, and I waited up among the familiar stars to listen to the delicious music.

VENICE LOTTERIES.

Italian gambling by lotteries is managed by the Government. There is, therefore, much red tape about it; and one of the most interesting things I know of is a fine example of involved, complicated, intertwined, convoluted red tapeism. The solar system is simplicity to it: and the reason is, the solar system was made for revolution, order, and accomplishment. The other system was made for circumlocution, order, and no accomplishment. I always study an example when I have time.

The passion for gambling among the Italians is ineradicable. It has been bred in the bone of many generations. Some make their fortunes by prophesying what will be lucky numbers. One would think the shorter way would be to buy the lucky numbers themselves. O no! they had

rather sell the fortunes to their friends, and take a few francs only for their own use. But the friends are sold, not the fortunes. Another example of generosity. A man buys a ticket for, say twenty francs. He immediately issues one hundred shares in the prize the ticket is to draw, and sells them at half a franc each. You are frequently beset by boys having these shares at prices as low as two cents a share.

I was present at the drawing to-day. It took place in the great square of San Marco. It was so arranged that every one could see that there was fair play. A priest used to preside, and pronounce his blessing upon it, in the good old time; but the present Government has deprived them of this, among other rights which descended to them from St. Peter.

An officer shows to the crowd a five inch square piece of paper, having number one printed upon it. He then sends it to another officer, who rolls it up, and inserts it in a paper cylinder six inches long, having rounded ends. It is then passed to another officer, received on a silver salver, carried to the lottery wheel, and by another superintendent of fair play is deposited therein.

This monotonous proceeding goes on till ninety-nine numbers are thus deposited in a wire net-

work barrel. It is then revolved, ended over, and tumbled about on its axle, till all are thoroughly mixed. Then a boy is sent up by the crowd to draw, with naked arm, a single cylinder, which is passed round in reverse order, till its number is shown to the crowd by the man that first held them up. Then comes another shaking and drawing. I first thought it unutterably tedious; but it has its advantages; it gives employment to the *ennuyé* officials; it keeps up expectation a long time in the crowd. They have as long a delight as a giraffe is supposed to have in a gustatory morsel. Every body takes down the lucky numbers, some to purchase the same, and some to avoid them next time. It has not yet been discovered which is the more lucky.

Not being greatly interested in the process of drawing, or the numbers drawn, I faced the crowd. That interested me. There were hundreds of men, women, and boys: women that had no bonnets, never had, but they had tickets; men that had very few clothes, but they had plenty of tickets and rags; boys that never had a clean face, but they had tickets.

I could not discover that any one drew any thing that day, except the officials. They drew their salaries. As the crowd began to disperse, a

half-blind beggar asked that, for the sake of the blessed Virgin, I would give him some bread. He had eaten nothing all day. I called his attention to his half a pocket full of tickets. He did not seem to think them very nutritious. Nor did I.

I shall never be guilty of attempting to describe in words pictures gorgeous in color, nor statues marvelous in form. God expresses himself in color from violets to sunsets, and in forms from the infinitesimal to the infinite, but not in poor, barren words. I shall always see in my picture gallery Titian's marvelous "Assumption of Mary," and Thorwaldsen's Hercules hurling Lycias from the crags. The mad old giant has caught his victim by one ankle with his right hand, and by the hair with his left, has slung him, head downward, over his shoulder, and is just springing forward to add force to his arm. The fixed face, heaped-up muscle, and rushing attitude of the god, compel you to wait in confident expectation of seeing that flaccid form flung a thousand miles.

XIX.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

TAKE a large-sized church, eighty-six feet by sixty feet, and put another at the end of it. Add another, and another, and then two more. Then add a church of the same size to the side of the first one, and keep doing so until you have five in breadth. That makes ten in all. Add eight more, to complete the hollow square. Then put a dozen into the center, and you represent the area of the Milan Cathedral by thirty churches each eighty-six by sixty feet.

But we must not leave it looking as flat as a freight shed: lift up its roof. It has been done till few steeples in our country would be tall enough to use as posts for a scaffolding inside. The roof is of marble, only marble, and marble continually. It is supported at its vast height by marble columns. Conceive a marble trunk eight feet in diameter, rising score after score of feet, and this clustered round with small columns eight inches in diameter; and at intervals a circle of statues encompassing the whole structure, till at

the height of seventy-two feet the enormous tree puts out its branches from among statues in canopied niches of exceeding beauty, and spreads far above, an umbrageous roof. Such a column raised in any city would be a fitting memorial to any man, however great, or any event, however important. But here are fifty-two of them in, as mere supports to something grander, a marble grove with marble roof.

That is just it, for the forest, God's first temple, with its endless variety of column, arch, and ornament, is the type of gothic architecture. It sprung out of man's religious feeling, and has inspiration and aspiration in it. The Greek did not so spring, and has neither. Two perpendicular columns with a horizontal lintel across is the unit and type of the Greek. Limitation is its keynote; liberty is the key-note of the gothic. Straight lines confine the Greek in ground plan, rising wall, and roof if it has any. Every conceivable variety of nook, recess, and projection, marks the ground plan of the gothic. Every possible shape of wall, curve of arch, roof as billowy as the forest top, and perfect prodigality and variety of ornament, give room for the widest scope of genius in the gothic.

All books warn you not to form too great ex-

pectations about the grandeur of St. Peter's; they foretell too truly your first disappointment. They give no such warning about our gothic cathedral at Milan. You stand amid its immense pillars, examine its forty windows gorgeous as the rainbow, filled with paintings of nearly every event in Scripture history, you look at its seven thousand statues, and, as the great organ makes the vast interior pulse and throb with music, you exclaim, "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

I cannot ask you to look at the peculiar treasures of the church. It pretends to have one of the holy nails used in the crucifixion. It really has colossal silver statues of San Carlo Borromeo and St. Ambrose. It has chalices, busts, shrines, candlesticks, and an endless quantity of precious objects of pure silver, gold, and precious stones. To such an extent have these valuables been gathered, that the treasures of a single little chapel of a few feet in extent have an intrinsic value of eight hundred thousand dollars. Neither can I describe the front, decorated with twelve spires, two hundred statues, and a sculptured representation of so many scenes of sacred history. The carving of birds, insects, fruits, leaves, vines, and trees, defies description. Let us go to the roof.

You put five hundred stairs under your feet, and amazement increases at every step. You stand in a vast area of dazzling marble. You look dizzily down at human insects creeping about in the piazza below. A man is a very small thing when seen from above, as the angels see him. It must take a perfect obedience to make them ministering spirits to him. Around you are the historic plains of Lombardy. Here our modern ideas of civil liberty had birth. Here Barbarossa sought to strangle them in their cradle. He did not know that liberty could so inspire the heart and nerve the arm as to make men glad to die in her defense. But he learned his lesson, and hurried back over the Alps into his own Germany.

Look at those snowy Alps away to the north. They hardly seem to belong to the earth. They are up in the heavens. They blush crimson with the first flush of sunlight, then stand pure white.

But let us come back to the eighth wonder of the world. Notice seventy-six marble pictures cut in bas-relief over the doors that lead through the flying buttresses. Every one is so well done you can tell at once what it represents. See the one hundred and fifty-two little cherubs in every conceivable posture, constituting the brackets that support these pictures over the doors. Wherever

you turn there are little statues perfect enough for any mantel in the most elegant parlor. Delicate arabesques are hidden away in corners, where only the eye of the patient explorer may find them :

Within and without the builders wrought with care,
For God's eye seeth every-where.

Sculptured battlements rise on every side. Flying buttresses, with beautifully cut open work, pass over your head. Three thousand ornaments rise from the upper surface of these buttresses on one side of the building; and they are cut into the forms of fruit and flowers with such incredible prodigality of genius that no two of them are alike.

A hundred and thirty-six lofty spires rise from the roof, each decorated with twenty-five statues set in ornamented niche, and under decorated canopy. The eye climbs up from cusp to cusp, till it reaches the statue that is loftily perched on each airy pinnacle. And, standing there in the midst of thousands of praying and praising forms, some of angels that seem to have just alighted, others of martys that seem just leaving their tribulation for triumph, we can but exclaim, "We are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly

and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to an innumerable company of angels."

How I would like to take down the form of Mary, that surmounts the highest spire, and lift up there the form of Christ. Then these descending angels and ascending men would all be in harmony with the truth, and every eye turned up from these wide miles of Lombardic plains would see the real object of worship.

This cathedral is not finished yet. Many pieces of work have been added since I saw it four years ago. Many more will be added before I see it again. This cathedral is so exquisite, airy, white, pure, aspiring, so suggestive of the grandest in nature, of the holiest in life, my heart returns to it, notwithstanding what I said about the cathedral at Cologne, according to the German proverb :

Die erste liebe
Ist die beste.

XX.

HUNG YESTERDAY—CROWNED TO-DAY.

SAVONAROLA.

WHEN Sidney Smith was asked what should be done with a certain bad man, who undeniably had some great excellences, he said, “Hang him first, and erect him a statue afterward.” It has always been thus with our blind world. And it is not particular about applying this favorite mode of dealing to obvious compounds of good and evil. It stones its prophets, and then builds their tombs; it slays its Christ, and then exhausts human ability in portraying his features and glorifying his name.

Italy has been especially given to this martyring and apotheosizing business. Not to go far, Florence here banished Dante, in 1302; kept him away from home till his heart broke, nineteen years after; and six hundred years went by before they so repented of their father’s deed as to bring forth works meet for repentance; but when the six hundredth anniversary of his birth arrived, there was unvailed before their Westminster Abbey the

Santa Croce, a monument which all Italy united to build, and of which all Italy may well be proud. I went about to-day among the three hundred and forty-two banners that provinces, cities, universities, academies, and societies sent up, from every part of Italy, to aid in adding honor to his name. I lifted their heavy silken folds, their rich velvets, their gorgeous painting, their golden embroidery, with reverent care; for they were all telling me, that whatever wrong man may suffer for a time, all the race will combine, if need be, to set him right.

It has been especially the case with Savonarola. Hanged, burned, and his ashes flung into the Arno, the first moment of reviving liberty hastens to do honor to his memory. It is most significant that there is no name chosen from a long roll in a glorious past, that Florentines are now seeking to honor as Savonarola's. We remember him as a Protestant, protesting with fiery eloquence against an infallible pope; as a deep religious nature, denouncing all empty forms, and insisting on vital godliness; refusing to absolve a king unless he first made complete restitution; we remember him as a practical republican, calling men back from indolent luxury to rigid self-control; and it is interesting to see that it is in these vital char-

acteristics that the Florentines choose to remember him to-day. Out in the new quarter of their growing city, they have given to one of their most beautiful squares, not the name of some king they would flatter, nor some minister they would please, but the name of Savonarola. It is most fitting that he who ruled this city by calling a council of the worthiest, who made an orderly republic out of anarchy by his individual power, should have some civic recognition, as well as religious remembrance. Besides, on the monument placed in his cell, in this 1873, they have not depicted his devotion, his teaching the brotherhood, or swaying the crowd; but have shown him before the Council of the Republic, swaying all hearts and minds to liberty and life. Yet his religious power and influence have been by no means overlooked. A great poster met me in the street, a few days since, announcing a grand concert, total proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a monument to Savonarola. I wanted to help build such a memorial, and went. The largest orchestra in the city, twenty-four piano-players, the best *cantatrice* the city could boast, and thousands of the citizens of Florence, were there to aid in the work.

I soon after found my way to Piazza San Marco, now so quiet, once so swarming with the

men who thirsted for blood. I found the whole monastery where Savonarola once lived set apart as a sacred place, with custodians appointed, and the relics of Florence's greatest man were visited with reverence. I soon found my way to the studio of Professor Pazzi, and there stood before me, in colossal majesty, the figure of the man Florence now delights to honor.

I have seen hundreds of statues—Moses, David, Jupiter, Minerva, the dying gladiator, Cæsar, and Pompey, at whose feet great Cæsar fell; but I never saw one that stirred me so deeply. The dress is astonishingly simple; there is none of the infinite work that gives marble laces and jewels; there is nothing affecting in posture; all the power is in the face, there the soul shines forth; the divine fire breaks out; you never think of marble; you are before a man, and one full of God. He holds aloft, in his right hand, the form of the Crucified One, and is in the act of saying, "Florentines! this is the King of the Universe! will you have him to be your King?" You could prophesy the answer, if he had spoken it to a horde of barbarians. And they answered with one voice, and much ardor, "Yes! yes!" And Christ was king of Florence, as never before or since.

It thrills me like the hills of Galilee to walk about and put my hand on things familiar to him ; to peer over the writing that his hand traced, and think that so much of God could come to a single human being, to sway and mold a whole teeming city. I fill up the empty acres of the vast cathedral with an immovably packed multitude ; I go up to Ferrara, and bring down the man of power, and remember his words that burnt themselves into me years ago, so that now, away from all books and aids to recollection, and all need of them, I go over the history of those pregnant years as if it were the only reality of to-day. Those old cells were not empty to-day, though no monk has walked them for years ; those holy faces, full of power from the divine Angelico's fingers, were not old ; Savonarola's cell was not a curiosity-shop ; it was a closet for devotion—one of the gardens of Gethsemane for men previous to their Calvaries. That pulpit by the pillar is higher than Olympus ; but all its thunder-bolts are warmed and winged with love ; and that Pizza Signoria is no place of martyrdom, but of apotheosis—a lifting up to rule coming centuries as he could not his own. I do not wonder that the people said that the angels sprinkled flowers and songs upon the spot made dear by sending such a man to them.

But am I forgetting the statue? No; I never can! It stands before me yet. It has the seer's eyes; they are the eyes of one who has looked on God, and not been blasted by the sight; they have been opened preternaturally, so that they can never close; always thereafter they look *through* matter, and rest on the real. It is a pleasure to know that they are real features, not the fancy of a sculptor. I had been up to the Uffizi, to find his likeness cut in a gem during his life; I had been here and there to find a portrait or two; and when I came before the statue, it was my old friend, and not the form of a stranger. The cold stone was transfigured with an inner light that made it human.

I see every day what would have been impossible ten years ago. Italy is on the march of progress at the double quick. It gives me joy that in going back to find the men who inspire their highest enthusiasm, we find them to be full of godliness and power divine. Their Lorenzo the Magnificent, with all his wealth, could get no such monument; and if he could, is forever debarred from such memory. But to-day the people, with true instinct, honor the men who have been true to them. They thus honor their favorites; but they more mold and shape the character of their own

future. The recoil of wickedness thought to annihilate Savonarola ; they burned his body, and strewed his ashes toward the sea ; they did not know that the real power was yet unseen ; and when they covered the spot where he suffered with an enormous fountain, men persisted in calling it a monument to him. And now that four hundred years are gone, the unseen and undying rises to assert its power, and rules in the hearts of men.

I turned with equal delight to seek the traces of another king—one who turned him to the works of God. Years ago there was a Luther of science here in Florence. He lacked Luther's heroism to face devils ; but then he had not Luther's inspiration. No man can die for a truth of the intellect. It takes one of the heart to make martyrs. Let us not blame Galileo too severely, for we do not know how the rack feels.

They have put his monument in St. Croce, their Westminster Abbey. He stands looking up. A little globe is under his hand, just the right size for the world, and the great man is scanning a broader universe. The house where he lived, the tower where he made his observations, and the very spy-glass he made, but not the rack with which they tortured him, are sacredly kept in Florence. I went on a pilgrimage. The prospect

is the same to-day from Torre del Gallo as when he looked upon it. On every side are the stiffened billows of the sea turned to green hills of earth. Below is the beautiful city, the huge Duomo, the charming Campanile, and the winding Arno. Far away are the snowy Apennines, white as the heavens they pierce. And the prospect is the same to-night. Wider than the earth is the canopy of heaven. There go the stars, and they speak and sing across the wide spaces. Night unto night showeth knowledge. They have a wisdom so important that in comparison there is no voice nor language where theirs is not heard. I do not wonder that he who had an ear to hear climbed up above the quieted city, and the hushed earth, and turned his ear to the skies. He invented instruments to aid his senses, and learned to read the hitherto unspelled hieroglyphs of the stars. I went to see his first spy-glass with a kind of reverence that I never felt for the preserved *relicues* of those who were only kings of men, and not of minds. It has an inch aperture, is about two feet long, and is cased in wood.

So small, and short, and meanly made !
Yet showed it first to human eye
Fair Venus, curved like Cupid's bow,
And Lunar's mountains lifted high.

It prophesied of Saturn's rings,
And showed the diamond points of light
In Jove's crown, which he uplifts
And makes like dawning day his night.
It changed the sun from Phoebus' face
Into a world beyond all thought,
Itself all storms, but by it peace
And life to other worlds are brought;

And was its maker "blinded by
Excess of light," or was he blind,
That he might therefore pause and leave
Somewhat for other men to find?

How like, and yet how unlike faith,
So seeming weak, so full of might,
It gems an empty heaven with stars
Till there can be no utter night;
Then learns to read the star-writ page,
That blazons all the radiant dome:
The scattered stars in ordered lines
Read clear, "my Father, heaven, and home."

Now turn thy gaze upon the Son.
Uncomely formlessness is grace!
And whom we thought a dying man
Is God, forever, to our race.

Can men see God, and see again?
Faith clears the sight; blasts sightless never;
And shows a universe so grand
That all may find therein forever.

XXI.

AMUSEMENTS OF ROYALTY.

 THINK the fact that kings must amuse themselves gets impressed about as deeply on an observer of their doings as any other one fact of their existence. They rule, or are said to ; but that they amuse themselves is perfectly evident. Even Peter the Great must have his lapdogs about. And they show, as something too sacred to be removed, the grease spots on the satin-damask upholstery where he fed them. Nero amused himself with burning Christians by the thousand, and Caligula by frightening his ministers.

They have a more harmless way now. It runs greatly to collecting odd and beautiful things. Man has a great taste for the beautiful. As soon as he is released from daily toil to obtain his bread, he begins to embody his conceptions of beauty. The South Sea Islander carves with infinite pains his paddle or hatchet-handle. And as soon as one has more money than he needs for bread, he begins to buy beautiful things. Kings have both leisure and money. And as men have not time

to produce what they want, they create a life-long leisure for them. That is, they employ whole classes of adapted men to embody beauty.

One of the most striking results of this artificially procured leisure is the production of mosaics. There are various kinds, such as pavements of stones, inlaid in pattern, or pictures, or words. There are tables of a single slab, with a section inlaid with other stones; and there are pictures made of arranged bits of colored glass, so beautifully done that they surpass the nicest coloring with the brush.

I have been to see the table manufactory of the Imperial Government at Florence. In the outer courts are arranged the raw materials—all sorts of precious and common stones, both in a natural and polished condition. Afterward you come to small specimens of inlaid work; paper weights, with a few arranged stones sunk in the surface; then to framed pictures, and tables, an indescribable variety and richness. One object is to secure permanence for such treasures of art. And as God's colors in stone are far more brilliant and durable than when man has ground them up and mixed them over, they take the real color and durable stone and work it into designs. Of course it takes time without limit, and skill beyond meas-

ure. The pieces of stone must be matched to far less than a hair's breadth. The desired color must be found, others cut away, and the whole surface be perfectly smooth when finished. It is no wonder that twenty men toil twenty years at one work. And their success is perfect.

You see a table before you. Lying in the middle is a heap of sea-shells, a cluster of fruit, a musical instrument. But examination shows it to be all level stone. They do not hesitate to encounter the difficulties of perspective. They will throw down a wavy gossamer of ribbon, that it seems you might blow away, just as perfectly as they build Bunker Hill Monument. They give flowers with a little pearl sunk in a petal for a dew-drop, and birds of paradise flitting in the vines more perfectly than can be done by paint. These things are wonderful, indescribable. I wished to bring home a few tables for the Arch-street parsonage. I found I could take a table top of three feet diameter, with six shells and a sprig of coral, by leaving three thousand five hundred dollars in gold; one somewhat larger, with birds and arabesque, for twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars; one ten feet in diameter, entirely mosaic and mounted, by leaving one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I left the tables.

Mosaic pictures in glass are, if possible, more wonderful. There are about ten thousand shades of glass, more or less, according to the nicety of the eye that counts—decidedly less, in my case. These are arranged in bits from an eighth to a half inch square, so as to present an even surface and perfect gradation of most brilliant color. Some churches, like St. Mark's at Venice, are entirely lined, roof and wall, with these pictures; others, like St. Peter's at Rome, have only the dome so finished, and a few elaborate copies of great masters on the walls. I saw a copy of Guido's Aurora so nicely wrought in glass that it took the closest inspection to detect the junctures. I had to decide a dispute with a stranger by pointing to the word "mosaic" on its label. It was cheap at fifteen thousand dollars. Size, six feet by two and a half.

The Pope is so royal in his tastes and treasures that he keeps a mosaic factory in the Vatican. In addition to pictures for St. Peter's, he also makes tables for presents to those he would bind to his interest. He gave one to the Czarina of Russia yesterday. But he did not give me one when visiting the Vatican. He evidently believes in "placing his bonds where they will do the most good." Send on your Peter's pence.

These are not the only niceties kings cause to be produced. There is a world of delicate microscopic engraving and ivory carving: I have seen a wooden beer-mug, ten inches high, called the Kaiser Pokal, carved from a single piece of box-wood. It is for sale at three thousand dollars, gold. All I can say is, it is worth it—to make it; and worth it to keep, if one buys such things.

I found in Dresden an egg full of meat. Within the white was a chicken; in the chicken a crown; in the crown a ring. It was a mechanical way of popping the question. It said to the young lady receiving it, There is a wedding and a kingdom for you; but you can only find them in the chicken-hearted prince, who has not yet chipped his shell, that is, come to his majority. I hope she sent him a duck.

XXII.

EDUCATION BY TRAVEL.

WHEN one is abroad he does not so much travel as go to school. He carries "his shining morning face," but does not "creep like a snail." When you see him trying to master the difficulties of two foreign languages in one day, scraping his throat, and balking at eight difficult consonants together, with only one vowel to help them, in the morning; at noon, casting all his roughness behind him, imitating accents of "sunny Italy," taking women talking to children as helps to make his liquids and vowels soft enough, repeating every word he hears in his eagerness to learn, you conclude that he is simply a student of languages.

You look at his library of guide books, where the most minute directions are mingled with history, biography, and poetry; at his most perfect maps, and you cannot guess whether he is an historian, or poet, or an officer, *incog.*, making a reconnoissance of the country preparatory to an invasion.

Then he drops all these, leans his body half out of the window, to the great danger of the telegraph poles, trying to see why he hugs the rough hillside, turning to every point of the compass in ten minutes, leaping ravines one hundred feet deep, dashing through four tunnels with not the length of the train between them, in one of which the train turns right about, coming out in an opposite direction, when the smooth valley below invites to an even road and the large cities to an abundant traffic, and you think he is a civil engineer. He sees an Apennine ahead that must be crossed, and the road teaches him that youth must prepare for surmounting the difficulties of manhood, and unless small hills of difficulty are put under foot in early life, there will be no flying over mountains in maturer years.

He studies drainage here and irrigation there, plucks the sage green of the olive, and the amber green of the new wheat, till you are sure he never was any thing but a farmer. Then he looks so lovingly on the sunny hills where Petrarch wrote and Ariosto sung, that you feel sure he is a poet. Then he watches the women in the fields, swinging pick and sledge on the railroad embankments, as if he were only studying the woman question. He rushes through a whole town straight for a single

picture or building, as if only an artist, and leaps out to dip his hands in the Sanguinetto at Thrasameno, as if his own ancestors had been with Hannibal when he made that stream carry more blood than water, on the victorious day when he destroyed the Roman army under Flaminius.

What a start it gave me just now to hear the guard call out, "Thrasameno Signori." Memory yielded up its long, buried treasures wrung from Livy, by midnight toil (!), so many years ago. I saw right around me the vast amphitheater of hills on which Hannibal had ambushed his soldiers; just before me was the narrow outlet toward Rome, stopped by the wily Carthaginian; behind me the narrow road of ingress between the hills and the lake. Into this trap came the Roman consul. Then all Carthage burst out upon him with concentered spears. Caught in flank, cut off from retreat, advance, or flight, they could only rush into the lake, or die by the weapons of their foes. In the terrible confusion an earthquake reeled unheeded by. Hereafter another of those almost airy nothings we read of will be reality, because it has a local habitation. Thus history becomes vivid and real, and geography is no longer a mass of names, a maze of lines, and maps are no more a fool's coat of colors. One sees why

battles were fought here, there, and not elsewhere. Mountains teach him their place and height by the weariness of the climbing, by the snow he walks on in mid-summer, by the sublimity of precipitous wall, and the beauty of a thousand landscapes, so charming that memory keeps them all. He expects no brighter, till the revelations of the world to come.

All his knowledge of the old world has been a sort of chaos, without order and relation. But being here, one center of relation after another is established. Separate facts fly to their appropriate affinities, great lights take their places, lesser ones revolve about them, and a universe is seemingly created, full of beauty and order, where only chaos reigned before.

Seeking the head-waters of the Nile, the traveler finds vast lakes, sublime mountains, gorgeous tropical scenery, and the river itself larger than at its mouth. So in seeking the sources of our modern civilization, of our art, and even of liberty, the traveler makes similar discoveries. There are mountains of visions; there are lands of Beulah, and deserts of Sahara. One day he stands by the fountain heads of influence. He sees the outgoing streams widening through continents that flush with verdure wherever the healing waters come,

The next day he stands by the crater of an extinct political volcano, where time's repair of grass and flowers has partially obliterated the works of violence, and he sees that the fiery flood has flowed afar into other nations and kingdoms, carrying its desolation and death. Moral pestilences gendered in loathsome crime have their tracks as well as physical ones.

What a sublime thing it is to feel oneself in the headquarters of nations, and not merely for to-day, but for all past days. Alexanders, Cæsars, Napoleons move in his view, fight over their battles at his call. He opens his vision to influences too subtle for sight, influences that are mightier than armies. He sees where ideas break open Bastiles, where the sighs of the oppressed combine into whirlwinds that overturn thrones, where spiritual influences lift nations as gravitation lifts the sea ; he sees their unsuspected power along the ages, changing a mighty king into a puppet, and making an unknown peasant king of souls. He begins to feel that he has caught a glimpse of the way in which Omniscience sees the world. In it all he is only going to school, changing his studies frequently, and getting his teaching by the object method.

What a royal progress it is ! Heralds have been before, and trodden down the hills, filled up the

valleys, and prepared a highway on which I can drive my chariot wheels from thirty to sixty miles an hour. Yesterday morning I had the Alps beneath my feet, this morning the Apennines, and I hope Vesuvius to-morrow. Yesterday I shivered in three woolen shirts, overcoat, and rug, among snows that never melt. To-day I have been where flowers were up to my knees, and violets up to my nose, though I have not yet lost sight of snow on the mountains. Wherever I wish to stop men have erected magnificent apartments, provided every comfort, and they swarm out at my approach to give triumphal entry. Artists and architects have labored for centuries to rear magnificent piles and decorate them in the most gorgeous manner for my coming. And it is all mine. It detracts nothing that others can look at and enjoy these things also. It adds to the interest. How rich I am !

I have hung over the landscape in a state of intoxication, (not inebriation;) have been marching the armies of ten centuries up and down the valleys ; have brought back Virgil, and other classical writers, to their old place of resort ; admired the amazing triumphs of modern and ancient engineering skill ; have sung and shouted old Methodist hymns in a blessed state of content.

I have just dashed through a few miles at the head of the Nera worthy of special mention. The road was cut straight through a wild, tortuous ravine. The result was that the river crossed the road thirty times in so short a distance that the train was frequently on three bridges at once. Add the tunnels, abutments, lofty precipices, and it makes a scene that causes one to hang more than half way out of the window. Amazing feats of engineering may be expected when the Government furnishes the money, and it makes no difference whether a road pays dividends or not.

Beautiful Italy! No wonder men have loved thee! The soil is so rich that it bears three separate crops at once, even yet. For example, there is the grass, grain, or roots, of the surface, the berries or small fruits that cover the trees, and the grapes that are trained between. It is a wonder that the whole land is not rich. But you do not see a new house in a whole day's ride; many are evidently going to ruin; but no new ones rise to take their place, nor are any repairs made to render them more comfortable. Whole towns appear to be without a pane of glass, and the inhabitants without a change of garments; indeed, without one whole suit. Not only are they so poverty-stricken in purse, but, until lately, they

have been equally so in mind. There was even lacking a sufficient national feeling to prevent their being driven like dumb cattle at the will of the miserable little lordlings. We have some reason to hope better things of them hereafter; but there are serious drawbacks. The way these petty officials strut in all kinds of uniform tells against the national character. The employment of woman in the meanest occupations—as I saw one to-day spreading manure from a heap with her hands—tells against them. The nation that offers all the adoration of which human nature is capable to an ideal woman, and leaves not even respect for the real women—mothers, daughters, and wives—has certainly no immoderately hopeful future.

This letter, penciled at various stoppages of the train, is now to be finished in the Salla at Rome, waiting for the train to Naples. A walk of an hour through Rome by starlight and gaslight shows an immense improvement over four years ago. Letter boxes, telegraph wires, clean streets, gaslights, streets torn up for other improvements, new buildings, and plentiful supply of whitewash, show that the nineteenth century has penetrated the outside of the city and shut up the fourteenth in the narrow walls of the Vatican.

XXIII.

THE CHURCHES OF ROME

ET me set one before you. Among the thousand things one desires to bring from Europe I found nothing I so much desired, and so thoroughly determined to bring, as a cathedral. We need apprehend no difficulty in bringing home a cathedral; for, not to speak of the transmigrations of the palace of Aladdin, which we all believed once, (and half wish we did now,) are we not told that the angels brought the house in which Mary lived from Nazareth to Loretto?

It is always best to know some of a sight before we try to see it. For a century the great Methodist body built churches in America, sometimes at the rate of several a day. It covered a continent with ten thousand buildings varying in value from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars; and yet this great denomination did not invest in a century's time but a trifle more than a fourth of the cost of the building we are about to set before you. There has been expended on it nearly one hundred million dollars,

and that too in a country and age where materials and labor have been exceedingly cheap. No wonder they have been obliged to sell permission to sin to obtain funds for its erection; for men will pay for sinning as they will pay for nothing else. This church is the grandest monument to the Reformation ever built; for the sale of indulgences, to supply the funds for its erection, lighted the flames of that Reformation.

Coming before the church, we see a vast colonnade of two hundred and eighty-four columns, each sixty-two feet in height, arranged in four circular lines on either side. Any one of these columns, erected to commemorate an historic event, would be an object of admiration in any city. On the top of these is a stone roof, surmounted by one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, each statue being twelve feet high. I remember seeing a catalogue of all the statuary in one of our oldest States. It included all in parks, halls, cemeteries, and private houses. And the total number was twenty-five. These circular colonnades are arranged to afford a drive-way wide enough for two carriages abreast between its two middle rows, and for one carriage in each of the side rows. These terminate in a covered way, leading up to the two front corners of the church

itself. Then comes the wide vestibule, and the unequalled church.

The dimensions are as follows: Length of space inclosed in circular colonnades, seven hundred and seventy-seven feet; breadth, five hundred and eighty-eight feet; length of covered way, three hundred feet; breadth of vestibule, forty-seven feet; length of church, six hundred and thirteen feet: total, seventeen hundred and thirty-seven feet; almost exactly one third of a mile. Set it up before you. Clear away houses, streets, or forests enough for its standing room, and be amazed at its immensity.

Glance up at its height. Its whole front, crowned with statues of Christ and the Apostles is one hundred and sixty-two feet high. Seven eighths of the steeples in our country are short enough to stand inside the church. Look at the dome. Arch-street Church, Philadelphia, a model of taste and beauty, is ninety feet long. Suppose we try the dome on that Church, and see how it fits. Like a man's hat on a baby's head! Let one edge correspond with the rear wall of the church, and the other will go one hundred and ten feet beyond the front. That is, the mere dome has a diameter greater than the length of two such churches. And remember that this enormous structure does

not begin till a height of one hundred and fifty feet has been reached—few steeples are tall enough to serve as ladders to reach its beginning—then it rises more than three hundred feet beyond.

Rome has three hundred and sixty-five somewhat similar churches—one for every day in the year, except leap year. All of them are objects of interest. They have had lavished on them the best efforts of the best endowed natures. They shine with alabaster and marble. Stories of the sainted are written in most beautiful pictures by painter's brush, or the patient toil of the mosaic worker. They are often crowded with statuary embodying heroic deeds and martyr sacrifices. They stand on spots where Saints Pudens, Clement, Paul, and numberless others, are believed to have lived or died, not counting their lives dear unto themselves so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they received of the Lord Jesus. These churches really have the grandest and holiest associations, are magnificent in themselves, are the highest result of man's architectural ability, and most of them are decorated with the best designs of artists that God dowered with wondrous ability. At their altars is an almost perpetual service, where priests, gorgeous in silk and gold, intone mellifluous prayers; where tidy

boys swing censers of perfume, and where magnificent voices chant anthems sacred for two thousand years. Now, what is the result of all this grandeur of architecture, beauty of painting, venerableness of antiquity, gorgeousness of paraphernalia, propriety of intonation, sweetness of incense, sacredness of association, and machinery of religion, on the priests who perform or the people who participate? Most beggarly. Outside influences do much for man when his heart is clean; almost nothing if it is not. The volcano recks little of the flowers that have sought to beautify its ragged crest and sweeten its sulphurous breath. Its fiery flood turns not aside because some human hearts are living out their loves in a home that lies in its path. And man's heart of power recks not for gentle or tempestuous influences when it moves out to execute its purpose.

Thus these priests and people are what they are from inner, and not from outer, influences. From him who calls himself Christ's vicegerent, down to the humblest menial in these churchly museums, there is no evidence that these things have at all ennobled their lives. Popes have been no better than ordinary kings, and they, as a rule, are monuments of the bad gone to seed. The laziness, rapacity, and moral vileness of priests in this city

has passed into a proverb. The sons of Eli can make themselves vile while they handle holy vessels. I have seen them joke in the midst of the most solemn scenes, and while engaged in the most serious services. I commenced to make an arrangement with a subordinate to see the Pantheon by moonlight. He rushed from me at the first word to the altar to attend to his part of the service, came back, and said, "Come to number 10—*Amen*—via della Palombella—*Amen*—at ten o'clock—*Retorno subito*;" and off he went to keep up his end of the service, and came back immediately to finish his talk with me. The same day I went into S. Trinità de' Pellegrini to see Guido's picture. It was curtained, and a mass was in progress at an adjacent altar. The sacristan withdrew the curtain, moved me over to the point of the best light, which I discovered to be the center of a group of kneeling people, and where I could put my hand on the shoulder of the officiating priest. I never felt so much like a heathen in my life. And now the one picture I most distinctly remember in that church is that of two men tramping round in a service among kneeling people to see another picture. But the officer did not care a bit. His prospective half franc blinded him to all incongruities.

The effect on the people is no better. Like priest, like people. What different is the rude country boor who has stalked round or knelt down in open-mouthed astonishment at a snarl of angels' legs and arms, at contorted attitudes of naked men and women in marble, who has been dinned with incomprehensible words of an unknown tongue, and been treated to smoke, like so much bacon, for half an hour? Nothing perceptibly better, I assure you. Rosewater don't take the dross out of ore. It takes fire. No pungency of incense can sweeten human nature, especially Italian. It is a king with ten thousand going to meet one with twenty thousand.

How I have longed to ring in their ears what Luther heard when toiling up the Holy Stairs on his knees : "*The just shall live by faith!*" Italian character is the embodied result of the opposite doctrine—living by works. The result is most deplorable and despicable. Italian character had a good foundation—Roman bravery, hardihood, obedience to law, and contempt for Punic faith. The end is feebleness, cowardice, mendacity, and lawless lust. One would think that salvation by works would at least result in morality. But it does not. Nothing but the power of God within ever does. Feelings, passions, desires, override all

mere reasonings and ideas. But the culmination of the evil of salvation by works is in this—that some saints have supererogatory works, and the Church has treasured up the sum total of these for the benefit of those who are insolvent in morality but solvent in money. What every church in Rome bears as an amulet of honor on its portal is really the brand of its shame: “*Plenary indulgence daily, perpetual, for the living and the dead.*”

A decidedly plenary statement. And this indulgence is easily got. A kiss on the cross in the Coliseum is good for one hundred days’ indulgence; a crawling up the Holy Stairs on the hands and knees, for a thousand years; and a sight of Saint Veronica’s pocket-handkerchief is good for seven thousand years’ indulgence. Too dog-cheap. Men cannot believe that what costs so little can be of any value. But then nobody knows what amount of penance may be due us for our sins, and as insurance costs so little, it is just as well to have an anchor to windward by laying in a stock of indulgence from penance. So the sale is enormous, even if the market value is as low as Confederate bonds.

Any Church having such an element in its economy shows that it prefers money in its coffers to morality in its communicants, and will build

splendid temples of stone, but beggarly temples of souls. It wins money marvelously. I went to see Il Santissimo Bambino, the richest thing in Rome. It has more jewels than the king, and, regardless of taste, wears them all at once—on crown, forehead, breast, arm, every-where. It has servants, horses, and carriages of its own. But it is only a wooden doll about the size of a babe.

The statue of the Virgin in St. Aquostino is almost equally rich. There is hardly room on neck, forehead, ears, and whole breast to display her jewels. Her exposed forefinger is not a tenth long enough to wear her diamond rings. They are arranged by scores in adjacent cases. She has watches, cameos, gold chains by the rod, and received money every minute of my hour's inspection. Her wealth is reckoned by millions. Yes, they get money; but do the souls get bread? I could but think of a scene that occurred within a stone's throw, when a whole piazza swarmed with a hungry crowd, after the erection of fountains, crying, "Pane, pane, non fontane!"—"Bread, bread, not fountains." So I wished the hungry crowd might cry for the bread of life, not stone images. What a ceaseless hunger it must be that always yearns but is never filled; that knows no returning stream nor flood! What has such a

Church to give? Wearying works, but no restful trust. I never saw so clearly the utter uselessness of machinery, manners, and millinery for salvation. Art has power, but sin has more. Sin masters art, and makes it serve to decorate the place where it revels. It is not power in man nor of man that saves, but power above man; none other nor less than the power of God. The aurora of its coming to Italy gleams already in the eastern sky.

X X I V.

PONTIFICAL NEPOTISM.

I NEVER knew what nepotism meant. I was familiar with its derivation and dictionary meaning, and it seems to me some stump orator alluded to it in the last campaign. But when I came before a vast palace, fronting on three squares and streets, each façade designed and executed by a different architect, inclosing a beautiful garden, containing fourteen galleries and rooms filled with rarest pictures, statues, and works of art, besides uncounted other rooms ; and when I rode out to the Janiculan hill, and found a villa with elegant gardens, four miles in circuit, filled with fountains, flowers, and all that nature, assisted by art, could accomplish ; and further, when I returned to Rome and saw a second palace, and found that both palaces and villa, and a fund sufficient to endow and keep them in abundant wealth for two hundred years past and an unknown future, had been only a part of the proceeds of the nepotism of one Pope, who nepoted

only eleven years, then my mind, expanded by these object-lessons, began to survey and map out the continental dimensions of nepotism. It is a good thing to spread yourself upon. They called him “Innocent;” not in jest, assuredly, for About, in his “Rome Contemporaine,” tells us “that Innocent X. was *constrained* to found the Mansion Pamphili. The casuists and jurisconsults relieved his scruples, for he had some; they proved that the Pope had a right to economize the revenues of the Holy See, to assure the future of his family; they fixed, with a moderation that quite makes our hair stand on our head, the measures of liberality permitted to each Pope; they agreed that the sovereign Pontiff could without abuse, besides annual revenues to nephews, give nine hundred thousand francs to each of his nieces; the general of the Jesuits, R. V. Vitelleschi, approved this decision; thereupon Innocent X. took it upon himself to found the Pamphili Mansion, to construct the Pamphili Palace, to lay out the Villa Pamphili, and to pamphilify whenever he could the revenues of the Church and State.”

If any scruples remained after the labor of lawyers, divines, and the general of Jesuits, they were effectually dispersed by his sister-in-law, Olympia Maldacchini, who, even if Papessa Joan

was a myth, wielded the papal powers. She ran the machine of papacy as a mint, and coined enormous sums from the sale of holy offices. During the later years of the life of Innocent X. she never left his presence, except to convey the profits to her palace ; and on those occasions she used to turn the lock on him and carry the key in her pocket. Surely he was as much as ten innocents rolled into one.

I saw his monument in holy St. Agnes to-day. It is admirable. It is one of those sculptures that tell their own story at once. I read it right off. “Here kneels the triple-crowned father, reaching out his hand to Olympia, who kneels a little below. He has already given her the golden chalice from the altar. It is so full of coin that you can see one over the edge ; but still she reaches for more, and still he reaches to give.” A bystander was horrified. “Why,” said he, “don’t you see that kneeling woman is a holy angel? Yet she kneels *below* the holy father. She holds in her hand the holy grail. What you call a coin is a gilded representation of the wafer that is the real body and blood of Christ ; and that angel is about to give him the holy sacrament and extreme unction ! Olympia and money in a monument!” I could only say that if it meant extreme unction, he

needed as extreme an unction as any angel could produce. But in my opinion Maini, who erected the monument, was in a kind of Caiaphian mode, and builded wiser than he knew.

It amazes one to find so many of the seventy-two palaces in Rome were built from the funds of the Church. Pope Urban VII. seemed possessed with a desire of getting all Rome into the hands of his nephews. His family symbol was bees. The traveler finds them swarming every-where—not only on the fronts of churches, the baptistery of the Lateran, the Baldacchino of St. Peter, all over his palace and tomb, but on the houses in which he invested his funds. With the change of ideas they cease to be the symbols of his power and glory, and now stand to blazon him as the greatest thief of his time, but not of his order. For Paul V. enriched the Borghese family beyond belief. During the first seven years of his reign he had given to one nephew, Cardinal Scipione, sufficient funds to yield an annual revenue of \$150,000. The Pope felt the need of making his family the most powerful in Rome, and did it. As a system of temporal sovereignty it is the most miserable inventable. Having no family of his own, he must enrich and endow half a dozen; and when he dies, a new set of rival, and often hostile, families must be more

greatly enriched. It is a plan for bringing into eminence and power the meanest kind of men by the meanest means.

Of course there are notable exceptions. Human nature repudiates a perpetual glut. One exception was Alexander VII., whose family could give such banquets that three fish cost two hundred and thirty crowns, and the silver plate on which they had been served was all thrown into the Tiber. Being elected pope he refused to aggrandize his family, saying he had no relations but the poor. Setting aside these exceptions, it is the most natural result that the papacy should have been simply an instrument of extortion; that it beggared all Italy, and sent its Tetzels, with bales of indulgences and chests to be filled with money, into all parts of the earth. As I lifted myself on tiptoe to look into one of the enormous iron-clad money-chests of the papacy at St. Angelo yesterday, I thought of him whom they claim to have directly succeeded, and who was sent without money or scrip. Within a few feet of the treasury were the holes in the pavement where posts were placed for the strangulation of Cardinal Caraffa under Pius IV. His brother, the marquis, was beheaded the same night. Near by are the dungeons in which Cagliostro, Cellini, and others

have languished and died. Truly, as Victor Emanuel's soldier-escort said to me, "The Pope is always one very good Christian." It may be; but it seems to me that when the devil has been tempting the pretended vicegerent of Christ, he has not been obliged to offer them all the kingdoms of the world. They have worshiped him for what they could get.

But a better day has come. The Pope no longer lives by extortion, but by charity. So long as princes, nobles, and peasants choose to pour in their pounds and pence, so long he has abundance. Very well so long as it is charity and not robbery. It alters his tone decidedly. When the Empress of Russia called on him, a few days since, he did not demand, under threat of damnation, some wrong to be done. He meekly asked that the Romanists of Poland might enjoy religious liberty. Good! He sees already that religious liberty is a priceless boon. He is open to conviction. This too brief freedom of Rome has penetrated even the Vatican. As Galileo said, "The world moves." Pontifical nepotism is a thing of the past. Let the ennobled (technically) families keep their palaces. We want to make pilgrimages to the immense piles and behold the wonders of art. We want to transfer to the cham-

bers of the brain those marvelous results of centuries of æsthetic culture. Let these evidences of enormous wealth remain—for they speak of the immeasurable power of man's religious nature, that can make any sacrifice, endure any torture, live in any poverty, if so be that he thinks that he can obtain eternal life.

XXV.

UNDERGROUND ROME.

C^OMING to Rome, I remembered it was the home of the Pope, the place of St. Peter's; that here was the palace of the Cæsars, the homes of Horace and Cicero, the forum of the ancient republic, and the Coliseum, whose soil had drunk the blood of thousands, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." But most of all I remembered that here the Gospel had "free course;" that here Paul lived, preached, and perished; and here were yet remaining indications of his wonderful success. I glanced hurriedly at the monuments of antiquity, scarcely noticed the condition of the modern city, and hurried down to Porta San Sebastiano, at the southern part of the city, and after going along the Via Appia a mile and a quarter, came to the Catacomb of Saint Callixtus.

Having previously provided ourselves with candles, we arranged with a guide to explore its mysterious depths. Passing down a long flight of stairs, we come to galleries cut in the soft tufa rock. These galleries are about three feet wide,

and from six to ten feet high. On each side places have been cut for the reception of human bodies. They are placed one above another, from four to seven in a tier, according to the height of the gallery. A thin wall is built in front of each body, and either in the cement with which the wall is built, or upon a piece of marble slab, is cut any inscription desired. These galleries are wonderful in extent. They have been explored to the length of a thousand miles. They cross each other at right angles, like streets in a city. Where the nature of the rock will admit of it they are arranged in stories like a house, one above another, in some places three or four stories deep. It is estimated that there are places for six millions of bodies in these tombs about Rome. An idea of their vastness may be gathered from the fact that in 1837 a school consisting of a master and thirty scholars was so effectually lost in them as never to be found.

One instinctively asks the question, "To whom did those tombs belong?" We have read in all our classics that the Romans were accustomed to burn their dead. Who are these buried in the living rock? We instantly remember that Christ was put in a new tomb hewn out of the rock. It occurs to me that his followers would be anxious to imitate his example. This inference is con-

firmed by a thousand proofs assuring us that these are the bodies of the early Christians. The date of the earliest recognized burial is only forty years after the death of Christ, and in the year 410 A. D. burials entirely ceased. Here, then, we have the amazing number of six millions of Christian tombs in Rome in three centuries! Well may we say that the word had free course, ran, and was glorified!

The guide moved on speedily through the long dark passages, the feeble light scarcely doing more than making darkness visible. We cried "Aspetto" to him again and again as we wished to examine a broken wall, look behind it at the sacred dust, or before it to the "shapeless sculpture" and rudely cut or scratched epitaph. There was hardly a yard that would not hold us interested spectators, but we had miles and miles to traverse. We frequently came to places where the passage was enlarged into a kind of subterranean chapel. In addition to the bodies that every-where lined these passages, we sometimes find rude frescoes of Scripture subjects. The most frequent one is that of the Good Shepherd bearing the lamb on his shoulders.

There we wandered by the hour, deep in the heart of the earth, surrounded on every side by

the remains of those that were once living and active. It often seemed to me that a mistake on the part of the guide might involve us in the same fate as the master and his school before mentioned. Sometimes we descended to a lower tier, ranged awhile in its utter darkness, then ascended again to an upper story, moved swiftly from one point of interest to another, until we ceased to wonder that Roman soldiers could not follow the early Christians in these their fastnesses. A kind of awe comes over one as he remembers this was not only the place of the dead, but often of the dying —those dying by violence.

Rome was an implacable enemy of the early Church. Up to the year 311 A. D. the Church was bitterly persecuted under twelve different emperors. Some of these persecutions were ten years long, pressed with all the vigor and venom that hate could inspire. Yet by what would seem to be a singular provision of Divine Providence, Rome had ever guaranteed to its many-nationed subjects their own rights of sepulture. The Christians chose theirs in imitation of Christ, laid their dead in the rock, and these rocky caverns became to them the places of resort in time when they had no place of safety above ground. Not only were they places of resort, but also places of

worship ; and these dark caverns have often rung with songs of praise. In these little enlargements called chapels the rite of baptism has been again and again administered, and here men have commemorated the dying love of the Lord Jesus Christ, when they knew not if they should ever meet again. Persecution even followed them into these dens and caves of the earth. St. Stephen, one of the first bishops, lived here, and here was slain. While officiating at service the soldiers entered. They paused a moment, overcome by his holy aspect, but then beheaded him. The Emperor Valerian issued an edict forbidding the Christians to meet in these places, and, seeing a multitude go in one day, ordered his soldiers to wall up the place and keep guard at its entrance. No one of them ever came out. Pope Damasus, in the sixth century, exploring the catacombs, came to the place of their last repose, and constructed a window that men might look in upon their remains, and left it as a kind of Christian Pompeii.

These catacombs have been ravaged again and again : by rude soldiers seeking for spoils ; by robbers who used them as dens in which to hide ; by Christians, who sold these bones by the cart-load as holy relics of the early saints.

All knowledge of their location was lost for

centuries, until the last day of May, 1578. Some workmen, digging for pozzolana, opened away into their recesses. It was a discovery to the Church, equal to the discovery of a continent to an empire. All Rome thronged out to see the new city under ground, greater than the one above ground. Since that time they have been diligently explored, the passages cleared, the broken arches repaired, the inscriptions removed, and the frescoes copied by men who regarded themselves almost as in the holy of holies. Monsieur Bosio spent thirty years in studying the catacombs. Monsieur D'Agincourt went for six months and stayed fifty years. The spirit in which they made their investigations may be judged from a remark by Monsieur Bosio. A portion of work having caved in, and shut him out from means of egress, he said : "I began to fear that I should defile this holy place by leaving my vile corpse among the precious relics of sainted martyrs."

Seals of treaties have been found in Nineveh, but the treaties themselves have gone to dust. Here, however, the whole vast book remains. Of these inscriptions, over eleven thousand have been either removed to the light of day, or faithfully and accurately copied. And, singularly enough, these inscriptions contain all the history that

we have of the Roman Church for the first three centuries. From these inscriptions we glean their spirit, their theology, and somewhat of their circumstances.

For example, in the midst of their awful trials we discern no spirit of vindictiveness, no gratulation when the trial had passed away. Many of their friends had been subjected to a violent death; they had been torn by wild beasts; they had been slaughtered by the hundred in the Coliseum; yet nothing but the sweetness of grace gleams in these inscriptions. Notice this one, written A. D. 161: "While on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times, when sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us!"

We discern also their views of death. The date of their death is regarded as their birthday, or merely the day of their departure. There is no intimation that they ever thought of their friends as in these prepared sepulchers. They speak of them as "gone to Christ;" "borne away by angels." "You have already gone to be among the innocent ones." [No purgatory.] Their firm confidence in union hereafter is seen in such inscriptions as these: "You will arise;" "An eternal home;" "Sophronia, you will live with your

friends; you will live in God. Dear Sophronia, you will always live in God. You live."

Their surroundings and social position may be inferred from the frequent illiteracy of the inscriptions. The spelling is often incorrect, the execution frequently inferior, and sometimes scratched with the point of the trowel in the cement while yet soft. They buried the slave and his master together, for with them there was "neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all were one in Christ Jesus." The Gospel alone had power to break down this prejudice of all ages.

The following inscription informs us that the priests of this early time were married: "Petronia, a priest's wife. The type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones. Spare your tears, dear husband and daughter, and believe it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God."

Their devotion for their children is wholly exceptional from the life they saw around them. Witness the following inscription: "Navarina, in peace; a sweet soul, who lived sixteen years and five months; a soul sweet as honey." They also practiced infant baptism, and did not immerse adults.

Concerning their theology, we see they held to the spirituality of God. This is the more remark-

able when we consider that they were surrounded with many pagan representations of the deity. Only once did their frescoes attempt to represent the Father. It is evident that they drew their theology solely from the canonical Scriptures. All essential doctrines may be recognized in inscriptions and frescoes. None of what we call papal heresies existed in the early Church. They gave the cup to the laity. They accorded no worship to Mary. Peter was not eminent above his fellow-disciples. Such a thing as holy water was unknown. All the figures of the Old Testament that pointed to the cross are produced again and again.

We are frequently presented with the sacrifice of Isaac; Moses as a school-master, to bring us to Christ; the burning bush; the reception of the law; manna; and that living rock, which was Christ; the ascent of Elijah; the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; Daniel in the lions' den; and Jonah of whom Christ said he was a type of his own resurrection. Precious to these men, in their fiery trials, were such deliverances as the form of the Fourth brought to the furnace, or the angel brought to the den of lions.

Eagerly we ask, What thought they of Christ? Every prominent event in his life was portrayed—

his birth, the worship of the angels, his baptism, the marriage supper, his blessing little children, healing the blind, riding into Jerusalem, talking with the woman at the well, multiplying the loaves and fishes, raising Lazarus, rebuking Peter, and his ascent from Olivet.

Did they think him divine? Surely. Christ was worshiped. Praises were addressed to him. Even Pliny says of the early Christians, "They were wont to sing hymns unto Christ as God." He is represented as on a throne, crowned, the Alpha and Omega. Such phrases as these are to be met with: "Baptized into God Christ," "Live in God Christ," "Live in Christ God," "The Everlasting God Christ," "The Eternal God Christ."

We have Bible-teaching in the Bible, but here that teaching was embodied in belief and action. The belief was implicit, the action sublime. The soil of the Coliseum has lost all tinge of the blood of thousands poured out in the arena; but here are still to be found the bodies which were there sundered from life by the swift sword of the gladiator, or the sudden spring and craunch of the wild beast. I did not know but the one on my right hand, marked with that simple M., which showed that his blood had been shed to make Rome drunk with the blood of the saints, was slain in the

very presence of the beast Nero. *His* vile dust, long ago, was scattered widely, but this is here preserved. I stood beside the grave of Saint Cecilia, whose history interested me more than I can tell.

I came up from the depths and traversed again the long Lapidarian gallery where on one side these inscriptions are preserved, and on the other inscriptions from pagan tombs. On the one side is rude lettering, bad grammar, very poor art, but hope, love, and eternal life ; on the other is elegance of diction, beauty of art, but despair and death. I could but go again to those sacred haunts, and, lingering in their darkness, think of the power that changed timid slaves into lords of earth and inheritors of heaven.

GEMELLA DORMIT
IN PACE

XXVI.

EXPRESSION BY ART.

 MONTHS of wandering through long galleries and gazing on acres of canvas have wrought their legitimate result. I begin to know a little art. For example: I see that boundary lines distinguish schools of painting as clearly as Alps divide nations.

People differing in spirit and purpose have their art characteristics as clearly as different styles of armor for their warriors; and individual artists leave their personal marks upon their canvas as clearly as Paul or Cicero stamped their style upon the speaking page.

You come into the school of Holland, of which the elder and younger Teniers are good examples, and you find the utmost fidelity of rendering. They cannot paint a tree or a mountain, for they have no canvas large enough to allow them to be faithful in details. But they can paint a foaming beer mug with as much care and exactness as if it were to be the only copy of the newly-discovered table of the ten commandments, and paint it

far more *con amore*. A village fair, a company of topers in a grog-shop, the stall of an ancient cobbler, or the spreading efflorescence of their national rose—the cabbage—is finished with a perfectness of detail that is exceedingly Dutch.

I saw a picture in Dresden, by a Dutch artist named Frumente, which had for its subject the resurrection of Lazarus. He had no passion of love to give us the eager faces of the sisters; no imagination to portray the incoming soul, the first throbs of life under the ribs of death; no pious genius to catch the look of divine power in the face of Christ; but he had literal matter-of-fact stupidity enough to represent Mary shielding her nostrils with her robe, and a soldier with his nose turned almost upside down. “By this time he stinketh” was the one great literal fact apprehended by that painter.

There are many Dutchmen who were never born in Holland, and who never painted the resurrection of Lazarus.

The Constantinopolitan school of painters were wont to represent Christ as emaciated in the last degree by his night of sorrow. He seems like one who had died of marasmus instead of crucifixion. Literally, there was no form, nor comeliness, nor beauty in him that we should desire, as they rep-

resented him. Their idea ran through centuries, and you may point out every picture whose author had felt the influence of that school.

It even reached as far as Florence, and the lank figures that may be dimly traced in the mosaics of the Baptistry unmistakably declare their origin.

You know a picture of Rubens (except his wonderful Crucifixion and Descent from the Cross) by his great blowsy women, built on the Dutch model; and when you see the exceptions, which are among the best pictures in the world, you are sorry that he ever painted any thing else. All that he painted for a price for licentious France sadly detract from his fame. Titian writes his name in the rich clear colors of an Italian sky, caught from the heavens, and embalmed on canvas. Raphael has a many-sidedness that refuses to be classified. You gaze into the face of the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, confessedly the best picture from human fingers, and you exult with her in the worthy pride of motherhood. She stands in that clear light that halos every holy mother, a creator right beside her God. You feel yourself, Protestant as you are, half inclined to worship and adore.

You glance aside for a moment to the child that she presents, and when you come back to the face it has changed; there must be a human soul

behind it. A solemn prescience of sorrow is looking out of those eyes. Your own eyes fill with tears. That lip seems to tremble and hardly restrain itself from a cry. Again you come to the face—it is full of open-eyed wonder now. It is amazed at being called to be the mother of the Lord. It says, “And can it be that thou, my Lord, shouldst come to me?” And at the same time it reminds you that this divine honor could not be accepted without the cross of human shame.

This variety of expression is seen to some extent in the divine child she holds, and which may be said to be almost the only worthy picture of the infant Redeemer, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. I can account for this different effect, produced at different times by the same picture, only by inferring that a different feeling is expressed in different features—as wonder in the open eye, tender sorrow in the curved mouth. And yet it is so painted that every expression blends in a perfect face; but whatever expression you first catch holds you and moves you. Study seemed to confirm the conjecture.

The art of the Middle Ages distinguished itself as being almost exclusively devoted to that subject most dear to the human heart—the Incarnation.

The poet could not send his thoughts through the printed page ; the singer's song died when his voice became silent. So the poet wrote in colors, and the singer let the music of light and harmony of proportion utter his song. So written, the untaught peasant and the little child could read the sweet story of old.

It is interesting to note how different nations came out of that period and tendency that devoted all art to illustrate the life of the Son of God in the flesh.

You come into the galleries of modern painters in France, and you find that the frenzy of the Revolution and the madness of infidelity have deluged the fields of art with blood at Versailles, and with every constrained attitude and maniacal expression of frenzy at the Luxembourg. You feel at once that you are in a community where the sweet joys of home have little power, where the holy comforts of religion are not sought, where outside show is preferred to inner worth. You are sure that such straining after effect is unnatural, and leads either to the mad-house, or the close chamber and a fatal brazier of charcoal.

You cross the channel, half weary of art, tired of so many acres of canvas, half questioning whether you will pursue the subject any farther.

You go into the National, and the Royal Academy as a matter of habit. You are surprised. A new world of art opens at once. Here are beautiful landscapes, and you have seen hardly one on the whole Continent. A very few of Claude Lorraine, two or three of Poussin and Salvator Rosa. Here is a turning to nature. In Italy homes are dark dens. No attempt is made to lighten them. But here God's beauties are brought into the house. Therefore, home scenes become possible to the artist. He puts them on the canvas, beautiful with human love. Domestic animals are deemed worthy of portraiture, and you feel yourself to be in a country that is not living for effect, but is quietly enjoying its own consciousness of inner worth. It is turning lovingly to those beauties that the Lord loved in Paradise.

I often wonder at the forceful expressions that these flat pictures, and cold, colorless marbles carry. When I consider the difficulties in the way of such expression I marvel at the success attained. Guido had been for a long time laboring at his painting of the Crucifixion. He had a man tied to a cross for a model. He could easily portray the body from his example. But how could he paint a dying face? In a wild frenzy he caught a knife and plunged it into the bosom of his

model. He then caught the shadows as they fell over the face from the dark valley, and laid them on the canvas.

I was anxious to see the work of an artist who hesitated at no price, not even that of murder, so that he might find true and forceful expression.

It was as might have been expected—a face more full of fear than of love. It had more of the dying culprit a Jew might desire to see, than the conquering Lord a Christian might adore. True success cannot be purchased by crime, not even in low departments, much less in the high.

The difficulties out of which art wrings its success are so numerous and great that we wonder at the measure of that success.

Man has various ways of making the fleeting conceptions of his soul permanent. So has God. Men most naturally embody the soul's action in words; God, in worlds. Man arranges his formless conceptions into relations to each other through long series of bodiless evolutions, and then fixes the conclusion by means of a written page, a picture, a statue, or a machine. God embodies his, in pictures wide as the valleys, high as the mountains, beautiful as the flowers; in statues capable of motion, and showing a thousand varying feelings. The relation of the page, picture,

statue, or machine to the mind that produced it is intricate and difficult of apprehension. To read back from the embodied expression to the mind is never done by all, never perfectly done by any. The relation of the creation to the Creator is feebly apprehended. God had higher thoughts and deeper feelings in creating than any creature has in beholding. We never know a man by his permanent material expressions; nor God by his. The loving wife or child knows the artist better than the student of his paintings and statues knows him.

We have only inferior materials for expression. Think of the difficulty of making cold rock express the joy of Eve finding herself alive. Material must stand for immaterial. The rock is the best expression of durableness, but it disintegrates right under our eye, and the durableness of eternity is unexpressed. There is nothing better than flowers and rainbows to express our conceptions of color, nothing better than air and its liquid flow to express relations of harmony. They are utterly insufficient, even for our present conceptions. We know of music too fine for air to be its medium. And, concerning God's thought, it must be written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things God hath prepared for those that love him." Paul—caught up to perceive them—says the words

were unspeakable, the conceptions not possibly wordable.

But for man's expression of himself, the difficulties are insuperable. He cannot embody his feelings with a word, and emotions are very transient and fleeting. Before the page is written the emotion is gone or changed; much more before the colors are mixed and laid, the clay molded, and the marble hewn. And the very charm of most emotions lies in this transitory character. There is no statue equal to a child, no picture like a face. Every man has a better gallery of art in his children than any king ever gathered. They respond, for a moment, to feelings as flitting as the dancing shadows of leaves, as bright as the sunlight that silvers the ripples of a lake. Art cannot touch this class of feelings—for this flesh is living, mobile as air, traversed with nerves of lightning quickness, flushed with floods of varying color. What impossibility to make marble as expressive, and the formless dead level of paint as full of life as these feelings are!

And if we could, we should weary of the unchanged expression that stone or canvas must carry. We delight in progression—backward, rather than none at all. We want to see action consummated. We cannot abide a M'Clellan

policy. We cry out in torment at the steady drone of any note of an organ; we are in raptures when its various notes combine in linked sweetness, or ascend the steps of power.

Art is shut up to a narrow range of emotions. The jolliest man would not be painted laughing. Even Rembrandt's portrait of himself, with his wife on his knee, a half-emptied glass in his hand, and a bacchanal laugh on his face, clings horribly to the memory, and makes men wish that artists would not attempt to make perpetual what may be pleasing because transient. No artist would paint positions we assume at every step. They would be declared as impossible to human mechanism as the position of the left foot of Horace Mann's statue before the Boston State-House.

Not only is the field of art narrow, but the difficulties in that field are insurmountable. It must embody spiritual with material—make tricksy Ariel out of cast iron. It must put into permanent form the few transient emotions it does venture upon, and whose chief charm lies in the fact of their transitoriness. But, in addition to these already commented on, it has difficulties in its own nature. Paint has no form, and sculpture has no color. So true is it that paint has no form, that in many departments it is not even possible to im-

itate the form that really exists in nature. The form of the leaf, maple, pine, oak, cordate, acerose, sinuate, cannot be imitated on the small canvas on which we condense God's wide pictures. The artist must find larger forms—as trunks, mode of putting out limbs, general outline of the whole tree, or masses of them—to imitate. And since the painter has no forms, he seeks to atone for this lack by extravagances of color. So the fairest faces get shades that Othello the Moor could not equal. Rubens covers his blowzy women with black and blue spots, as if their husbands practiced the German habit of whipping their wives. He makes the blood seem to exude from every pore of the face of one who is struggling to erect the cross. Yet these extravagances of color are not offensive, because they are put to the account of form. So the sculptor puts on extravagances of form because he has no color. No man would buy a bust or statue that had a natural neck. Carved from measurements, it would seem so frail and slender that it would distress one with fear for the safety of the head. Accustomed to see it dressed, as in man, or shaded with massy hair, as in woman, we must have it larger than nature to seem natural. And though no man covets for his own, and no woman likes to see on another—except

a rival—a large neck, yet when the form petrifies into marble, this feature, rightly managed, is only suggestive of abundant channels to carry food and fire to the brain. It tells of intellectual, not animal, power.

Sculpture heaps muscle on Hercules hurling Lycias from the crag, till he looks as if he might fling him a thousand miles. It is no excrescence, but wonderfully obviates the lack of color. Sculpture is not only deprived of the eye, the most expressive organ of the soul, but is actually obliged to accept a deformity in its place. This deformity must be overcome, and this lack made up in other ways. It seems impossible. Art is obliged to force into its service for expression all conceivable accessories. The charmed lizard that is listening on the stump, where the shepherd-boy sits playing his pipe in the Boston Library, is as expressive of the power of his music as the sweetness of the lad's face. Our Rogers is unequaled in seizing on the little, often-unnoticed things of life, to make them tell their story. The broken basket and shredded pants tell of poverty. And the whole African nature bursts upon us, as the aged man learns to read of a child in the midst of his work, and young mischief cannot forbear to neglect his lesson to tickle the old man's foot.

Yet accessories would be of no avail did not every stroke of the chisel, and every pass of the pencil, in every part of the work, leave its touch of power. To place these touches of power, and to discover them when made, requires and cultures a nicety of observation, and a delicacy of perception, that constitutes one of the chief values of art.

But the value of victory is proportioned to the difficulty of its achievement. When once a worthy emotion has had force enough in the soul of the artist to make the solid marble all alive with it, then it stands, age after age, to stir that worthy feeling in the breasts of others.

XXVII.

PUTTING A VOLCANO UNDER FOOT.

T is just four o'clock in the morning. I am not accustomed to wake so early; but Italy has an industrious and efficient awakener. I have made an important classical discovery; not, indeed, how Monte Testaccio at Rome came to be made of broken pottery; not the site of Troy, but the nature of the shirt that Nessus sent to Hercules. I understood perfectly how it drove Hercules mad; how he tore off his flesh to get rid of its effects; how he was finally consumed in fire. Nessus sent him a woolen shirt full of fleas. It perfectly meets all the conditions.

I went up Vesuvius four years ago. I went up yesterday, and would be glad to go up to-day. It is counted a hardship; it is a triumph. Titus never felt so grand, entering Rome with chained and captive thousands at his heels, and yellow Tiber trembling in its banks by the replication of the shouts of all the city. I had climbed to a higher throne. No one ever sees this world rightly till he gets above it. House lots look

small, and the soul, losing all thought of moiling to get them, rises, soars, feasts, and lives in the broad realm that God made infinite in order to give it room.

We left Naples early ; drove through some of the most miserable scenes this miserable world can show. Blind beggars ran along by the carriage for rods. Masses of rags, that only seemed moved by the vermin in them, limped along the road with an unearthly whine for money. A slight elevation enabled twenty to gather round the carriage. I never so longed for a good rawhide. If I had possessed one, no Neapolitan beggar would have questioned my generosity. When we came to the place to buy sticks or canes there rose round us a forest. And when we had bought what we wanted there rose one universal howl that we had paid the wrong parties. I should suppose that our five sticks belonged to about twenty different parties, and no one had got his pay.

In three hours we reached the Hermitage, where the Government has established an observatory to watch the proceedings of the volcano. Its eruptions are so connected with electricity that the volcano foretells its own internal disturbance, by the operations of the magnetic needle, long before it gives any signal to sight or ear. We scrambled

over fields of lava for three quarters of an hour to the base of the cone, where the real labor of the ascent commenced.

Originally there was neither volcano nor elevation here. It was a smiling tract of level land as ever the ardent sun kissed into blushest of flowers. Then came the underground upheaval. A fissure opened east and west. The compacted strata of the lower world were revealed. They rose higher and higher, and the wound gaped open a mile wide. Then the seething lava followed, cooling in the fissures, damming all the outlets, and remaining a lake of fire, with its northern shore somewhat higher than the southern. Occasional overflows took place, and a long stream of liquid rock took its way to the plain. Of course the surface of the lake would cool, except at a few points where the internal forces demanded outlet. Here, bubbling and boiling, they spluttered their red hot wrath over the edge, and a kind of circular rim rose round every hole. Thus several large cones or little mountains rose on the treacherous surface of the cooled lake. When great ebullitions occurred, these few vent-holes would not be found enough, and one of these little mountains would be torn out by the roots, and hurled upon, or over, the others.

In process of time these various cones, with a core of fire, encroached on each other, making one great cone, with particular liability to smoke and erupt through the old vents. That is just what has happened. It is as easy to read from the mountain record as from a book. A picture of Vesuvius, made about the time of Christ, has been recently discovered at Pompeii, and there is no central cone to the mountain. It is no higher than the lips of the old wound, or the wrathful edges of the old broken boil.

This cone is now one thousand feet high, and has a base of about a mile. It was this we now essayed to climb. It is composed of lava and ashes, which are one and the same thing. They only differ as sand and sandstone. Where you found footing on the scraggy lava it was only a question of muscle to mount; but where you trod in ashes, and got up one step and slipped back two, it was a question of temper as well. Another element entered into the problem of temper. The mountain swarmed with men and boys, all anxious to help you—one with a strap to pull before, and another to boost behind. They all seem to think that the principle that led the girl to marry a fellow to be rid of him inheres in all human nature, especially in woman's. It did not in our ladies.

It is three fourths of an hour's tough scramble. Going up stairs two at a jump would be rest compared to it.

But we leave the nuisances below. We go up; yes, up to God. Such things do not follow thither. We look down on craters of former years—for the lava seldom or never overflows this high summit. It breaks out a hole in the side of the mountain at the foot of the cone. Here we can mark the extent and meandering of the overflow of every blackened stream. You can often determine the age of the overflow on a given number of acres in the plain below by the amount of verdure that has come to cover its nakedness.

The mountain feels hot to your feet. Turn over a small mass of lava anywhere and smoke immediately rushes out.

We pass various places still smoking, to show where there were cores of former cones. Yes, we pass; for, like the Irishman trying to kiss his beloved, we are anxious to get at the crater's mouth. We succeed, as I trust he did.

On the very edge of this hole the rocks are so hot that putting our sticks into crevices not two feet deep, they burst into flame. But the awfully torn, rent, seamed, bottomless abyss, smoking in every fissure, groaning with a crush of heaved

boulders, canopied with sulphurous smoke, cannot be described. We walked round the thin edge. It sloped inward and outward about equally, and in some places was as sharp as the ridge of a steep-roofed house. When the wind drove the smoke toward us we went down with our noses in the hot ashes, for the sulphurous fumes could not be breathed. Then when the wind blew it from us we would spring up to gaze into the awful depth of the fiery mountain.

We overlooked the crater of last year. It is on the north side, and is still groaning with unquieted turmoil. When the descending stream reached the plain it divided, to spare a peasant's little house, but closed again beyond it, leaving the saved house on a small green island in an ocean of fire. The cooled billows of lava are almost frightful to look at. The projecting ridges of the pushed mass, first cooled, and then pushed on again, overlaying and crowding one another, assumed all conceivable shapes ; and it requires some matter-of-factness not to feel that it is a black mass of horrid forms of living things, writhing in unutterable pain and terror. Here is the form of a man with head and feet buried under a knot of serpents, there the hind-quarters of a horse, and every-where demoniac forms that startle with their writhed expressions.

The view from the top is of surpassing beauty. Conceive of the lovely bay on one side, blue as the air, and so shaded by the floating shadows of the floating islands in the sky, so shimmering in the sunshine, and so variegated with color, that you absolutely cannot tell which is water and which is air; conceive of the snow-crowned Apennines on the other side, not looking in the least like mountains of earth, but like a real glimpse of the glory of the other world; imagine the beauty of green field and shining houses filling all between, and yourself not so much upheld as floating above the picture, and imagination paints what pen cannot describe.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the coming down. We choose a place where there is no hard lava, only soft ashes. Every step is a leap of twenty feet. A man does not look human. He is simply a confused blur of arms and legs attached to a hub. He may look like a falling angel—I don't know. He sinks mid-leg deep in the soft ashes at every step. And when he fails to extricate a leg in time, and spreads himself head foremost down the steep decline, he singularly resembles a gigantic flying squirrel. When he gets up he looks like one of Vulcan's coal boys just out of the heart of

the mountain. He comes down in three minutes the distance it took him forty to go up.

For a few days we have lingered here in the Old World, investigating the wasted ruins of the works of Roman emperors before and in the times of Christ; also exploring sites of towns that Greece planted, and which were in decay before Rome had even a name. Let us give a little time to Greece itself, and then turn our faces to a land that was old before Greece was born.

XXVIII.

POSSIBILITIES AND ACTUALITIES OF ATHENS.

PENTELICUS was full of nymphs, graces, gods, and goddesses, all prisoned in its snowy marble. Phidias and Praxiteles came with hammer and chisel to break away the fetters and bid them stand forth in their beauty. Acropolis was a vast throne of acres, lifted hundreds of feet above the plain, on which these gods might sit, and stand; a glorious pyramid of grace. The Attic plain was rich in soil, gorgeous with flowers, fragrant with thyme, drowsy with the hum of bees, shimmering with the meandering streams, mellifluous with the names of Ilissus and Cephisus. Attic aborigines were great, strong, docile men, who laid gigantic Pelasgic constructions of mighty stones that endure to this day; so docile that they welcomed teachers from a foreign land; so imaginative that they filled earth, sea, and air with living creations; so devout that they reverently worshiped all known gods with a fervor and self-sacrifice that ought to shame us, and still had

reverence for those unknown; so full of hardihood that Solon and Lycurgus, preaching and ordaining austerity as means of physical victory, were at first more welcomed and followed than Alcibiades setting an example of luxury; so surrounded by rival States, as to call out all possible peaceful energy; so assaulted by foreign foes, as to summon to the last possible strain every fiber of power to contend for very life; possessed of unheard of liberty for centuries; fired by the grandest eloquence known to the race; accustomed to a constant consideration of all questions of public policy; and, finally, highest possibility of all, receiving the offer of the glorious Gospel of Jesus by the very lips of the grandest apostle. These were the elements of success for Athens, the possibilities that waited for its possession. What were the actualities?

Sculptors waved their wands, and the multitudinous gods marched from Pentelicus to Athens. Columns and capitals, friezes and foundations, altars and temples, came in such numbers, and of such grand proportions, that we almost cease to count it fable that they were drawn by Apollo's lute. Men endured hardness as good soldiers; grew to sublime manhood; counted their lives not dear unto themselves; despised death; went to

battle as to a feast; never counted their tens nor the opposing thousands, but only asked if their death then and there could best serve the State; gave up their homes to the enemy that they might defeat him on the sea; erecting such a State that its very ruins, after two thousand years, are an amazement and a study for us to-day. Let us glance at them: There is the Temple of Theseus, composed of thirty-six columns, so perfect that twenty-five years ago it was the most perfect building in Athens. On the western brow of the Acropolis stands the gate and its adjuncts, compared to which the famous Brandenburg gate at Berlin is nothing. Beside it stands the charming little Temple of Victory, from whom they took the wings, hoping that she would never fly away. Inside the gate, and just at the left, stood the statue of Minerva, fifty-five feet high, on a pedestal twenty feet high; her gilded casque and spear-point the beacon of the Attic sailors as they came home to Minerva's city. A little farther to the east, the Erechtheum—a temple over the spot where Neptune struck his trident into the solid rock and caused it to gush with water to this day, and where Minerva planted the olive, so dear and profitable to the people, and where both the gods were worshiped. This temple is of the finest workman-

ship ; its moldings exquisite as Mechlin lace ; its capitals graved with as much care as the outlines of a portrait or bust. Immediately south of this stands the wreck of the noble Parthenon—the Temple of Minerva. Its platform, raised four hundred feet above the city, is two hundred and ninety-three by one hundred and thirty-three feet. On this are erected forty-seven columns, thirty-seven feet high and six and a half feet in diameter. These are surmounted by a frieze, sculptured with the magnificent representations of the great Panathenaic procession ; of the exploits of Hercules, Theseus, and the contests of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ. Inside the columns is a corridor eight feet wide, and then the walls of the temple. Within this was another statue of Minerva, so magnificent that the statue of Victory, which she held as a scepter in her hand, was six feet high. This building remained almost complete nearly two thousand years till ruthlessly destroyed by man. But after six thousand cannon-balls have been rained upon it, and a magazine of powder exploded within it, the monument of beauty is the world's wonder to-day.

As I walked through its immensity, and along its silent corridors in the darkness, it seemed like a mammoth skeleton—the bleaching, broken bones

of a gigantic life—from which the soul had fled. What intensity of life it took to rear these structures! What a religious fervor it speaks that they were reared to an imaginary goddess! But soon the moon looked over Hymettus. Its light seemed to bring back the departed life. The adytum was no longer empty. Broken columns took the forms of statues. Strange shadows seemed like living forms. Themistocles, Pericles, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Plato, Euripides, and Leonidas, seemed walking there. The great Panathenaic procession came down from the friezes, and with horses, chariots, banners, and victims garlanded for sacrifice, swept in at the western Propylæa, through the grove of statues and votive offerings, to the eastern end, wheeled, and came into the magnificent temple, and did homage to the august Athene.

But still the idea would return that it was a ruin. As I went down the hill by the ruined Odeum of Regilla, by the marble-seated theater, with its inscribed seats reserved for the priests, to the Temple of Zeus Olympius—of whose one hundred and twenty-six columns, seventy-five feet high, and seven and a half feet in diameter, covering an area of four hundred by one hundred and ninety-seven feet, only sixteen columns yet remain standing—ruin, *ruin* stared me in the face. I could but ask

myself, Why? With so many elements of success, so many principles of stability, such unequaled success, why ruin? Is the race to rise high only to fall more utterly? Is there no continued progress, no assured perpetuity for progress made?

It occurred to me that Greece had too narrow an ambition, too low an ideal, too limited an inspiration. They strove only for Athens' liberty, not for man's. Their ideal was finite beauty, as embodied in the human form. It could inspire a Phidias, but it had no element of infinity about it. It could not carry them through an infinite series of progressions. It could wonderfully advance the race, lift it to a height never before attained; but it lacked power to rise above the earth.

What it lacked, Paul came and offered them; offered an inspiration that had no limit; an ideal so high, that man may ceaselessly rise and not exceed it; an ambition wide as the race, and that destroys all enemies by loving them into friends. This seems to me the only element lacking to Grecian progress without limit, and stability beyond peril. In this view, lowly Areopagus rises above sublime Acropolis, humble Paul above the divine Plato. How often did I stand, amid the fading glories of an Athenian sunset and the gathering shades of darkness, so fitting to the ruins of

such a State, on that rocky summit where Paul preached, and think of the results of an accepted Christianity added to a Grecian culture! I really believe there would have been no descending sun, no dark night of ages. Culture would have been complemented by grace, human power aided by divine, and narrow human knowledge widened, heightened, and made perfect by God's.

It is not too late yet. Pentelicus is as full of graces as ever—every element of success as efficient as when Marathon was made immortal. Fortunately, Paul's doctrine is accepted now. God is not ignorantly but intelligently worshiped. It was a joy to hear little children singing, in the accents of Demosthenes, to "Our Father, God," and not to Zeus and Pan. Even the Greek Church has freed itself from the debasing superstitions that cripple it elsewhere, and is a Church of spiritual power. Looking for the real and highest glories of Greece, I turned away from its ruins to its churches and rising university; from its old, narrow liberty for self and slavery for the world, to its new, broad idea of universal freedom; from its past, to its future; from its old, vanished Athene to its present God. The grandest actualities of Greece are in the present and future.

Philosophy declares that no nation thoroughly

demoralized can ever rise again by its own inherent energy; and, unless help comes to it from without, it must continue in its degradation, or more likely perish utterly. History stands by and points to Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, as examples in proof. But help has come from without to Greece. America has sent the same Gospel that Paul brought. Under its benign influence, stimulated by its divine power, Athens has advanced more in forty years past than in four centuries previous. The young king sits in his palace pleased with prosperity. But the one who has accomplished it is the King of kings, through his minister, Dr. Hill, missionary from America.

XXIX.

EGYPT.

SOUTH of the Mediterranean Sea lies a vast desert, three thousand miles long and one thousand miles wide, nearly as large as the United States. Mythology informs us how it became a desert. Phaethon, the Young America of his day, extorted, by the aid of his doting mother, permission of his father Apollo to drive the chariot of the sun *for just once*. Anxious to show off his team and himself, he lashed the fire-breathing horses into an ungovernable speed. They broke away from the regular road, ran over all that tract of the heavens we call The Milky Way, leaving such sparks along the road as glow there yet. Then they came down to earth, and ran over the north end of Africa, burning up all the soil in the region now called the desert, and making such heat that the inhabitants are black to this day. And had not Jupiter knocked the young man into the river Eridanus with a well-aimed thunderbolt, and restored the sun to his

proper course, there would never have been any more young men to take warning from his fate.

Into this realm of death has been thrust a wedge-like area of life. It is somewhat blunt for the first hundred miles; extremely slim and tapering the rest of the way. Down this long furrow comes the mysterious river Nile. It is the river of life to the country. It flows from the thrones of monarch mountains far away.

On your way to visit Egypt you stop at Rome, and are amazed at the evidences of antiquity that are exhumed from the teeming soil. But when they show you the oldest thing in Rome, it is an obelisk taken from Egypt after its decline. You pass on to Greece, whose sun had passed its zenith before Rome rose, and delving in the beginning of its literature, you are carried away to older Phœnicia. But Egypt had a developed literature before Phœnicia had a name. The first sign of life after the deluge was seen on the Nile. And Thebes was the capital of a great kingdom two thousand seven hundred years before Christ—more than a thousand years before the Exode. In wisdom Egypt was the eye of the world. In art it exceeded the attainments of our boasted day. And in the application of mechanical forces, and the erection of great structures, we have much to

learn before we can stand beside these men of three thousand years ago.

What is the country to-day? When you enter the harbor at Alexandria you perceive that it has no wharves nor docks. You are landed successfully if you keep your temper. But you are landed into a new world. Houses, trees, animals, men, are all new. Instead of your sturdy New England oaks, or Southern pines, you have the feathery palm, or the banana with a leaf fifteen feet long by one and a half wide. You see men clad in a single garment that has never known the touch of scissors or needle. In fact it is one straight piece of cotton, that serves as head-dress, coat, jacket, and pants. Of course such a dress is liable to become disarranged, and, to see a man making his toilet about the head with one hand and holding the dissolving windings of the lower part of his robe with the other hand as he runs through the streets, is decidedly amusing. The first step toward Beau Brummelism is to take a long strip of cloth, fold it across the middle, cut a hole through the folding for the head, then sew the sides together, except places for the arms, and the man is completely dressed.

The principal mode of conveyance is by donkeys. And a most admirable mode it is. They

are the most intelligent beings in Egypt. They tell you at the hotels, that if you wish to know any thing, never ask a driver of a carriage, but a donkey boy. He knows every thing. I inferred that this superior intelligence came from associating with the donkeys. This theory is proved by the fact that when these boys grow up and cease to associate with them, they fall to the ordinary low level of Egyptian stupidity. When you step out of your hotel, if you betray a moment's indecision in regard to your choice of an animal, you are instantly surrounded by twenty. Whether by the impulse of the boys or the original suggestion of the other animal I could never determine. Every nose is within twenty inches of yours, every ear within forty, and their bodies are compactly wedged in just behind the ears. You are compelled to come to a decision then, or remain a prisoner. But such is the entanglement, you never know whether you have mounted the one chosen or some other.

Once mounted, however, you are sure of being carried gently and safely. The donkey enjoys a crowd. He chooses the densest part of it for his passage. Yes, *he* chooses, and your choice has nothing to do with his goings. Yet he never treads on a baby, runs down an old woman, or upsets a market basket. His delight is to go through a

bazaar, and mine to go with him. The crowd is a pack ; the street not over six feet wide ; people are pretending to trade on each side ; dogs and children are sleeping in the middle ; men are using it for a thoroughfare from one side of the city to the other ; all kinds of gay colored stuffs and wooden wares are suspended over the street, within hand reach of the walker, and head reach of the rider, and a camel with wide paniers, or sacks full of very hard stones, is frequently driven through with loud shouts for men to take care of themselves.

Into this entanglement goes the donkey like the charge of the six hundred. You go with him and with a feeling quite akin to the chargers. You soon cease to exercise any surveillance over his movements, for you discover that it is all in vain, and you have enough to do to take care of your own. But out of all he brings you with such quiet persistence, that, in your admiration of him, you want to take him as your traveling companion for the rest of the journey. I have known men that weighed two hundred to become so enamored with the little beast as to say, on the occasion of any future ride, "Give me a mule."

In one respect this is one of the most remarkable countries in the world. When it was the one

kingdom of power in the whole world, when its art flourished most successfully, when its wisdom was sought by all the wise men, when it was rearing some of its most majestic monuments of power, then some obscure men in a little province it had held in subjection began to foretell, in the most minute manner, its future ruin.

“Destruction cometh out of the North,” said Jeremiah. “There is nothing north of us,” Egypt might have answered. But both Nebuchadnezzar and Cambyses did come round by the north, and destroyed them. “Memphis shall be desolate and waste, without an inhabitant,” he went on to say. And Isaiah added, “I will also destroy the idols, and cause the images to cease out of Memphis.” True to the very letter. For while images abound in the ruined cities of Egypt, as Thebes and Karnak, there are none in Memphis. “The paper-reeds by the brooks shall wither, be driven away, and be no more.” These had grown for thousands of years. But at the word of prophecy they withered away. “The scepter of Egypt shall depart away,” said Zachariah. Ezekiel added, “There shall be no more a prince in the land of Egypt.” And for twenty-three centuries this word has been true. Persian, Macedonian, Greek, Roman, Arab, and, lastly, Turkish satraps have ruled the land,

but no prince of their own. Ezekiel declared, "It shall be the basest of kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: they shall no more rule over the nations." The most superficial observer must confess the word fulfilled. Living in mud dens, almost without clothes, loathsome with disease, deprived of the right to hold property, bowed down under the yoke of the meanest nation that lives, cursed with polygamy, they fester out a miserable existence that may be truly called the basest. Old Egypt held powerful nations as slaves. New Egypt is itself a slave to the most contemptible of nations. The eye that sees the end from the beginning foresaw to what such beginnings must come.

The railroads and canals that commerce has made over the land that lies in its path may mean something for the land of Egypt, but nothing for Egyptians.

If there is any prophecy against me or my land, or any condition into which either may come, I am sure of its coming to pass, unless it be turned away, as Nineveh turned away that of Jonah.

XXX.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PALESTINE.

 HAVE been to-day eleven hours in the saddle, on the roughest road in Palestine, on such an abominably slow walker, that I had to urge him into a trot by every possible means on every possible rod. My most prominent impression, therefore, is, that I have thighs, loins, etc., of which I was never so specially conscious before. I presume I shall not be anxious to sit much tomorrow.

My first impression of Palestine came through a six-inch port-hole with the early morning light of yesterday. I was soon on deck. The sea was very rough, and the breakers on the outside rocks of Jaffa did not look inviting. Here began Jonah's rough time when he tried to flee from duty. It is easier to go to Nineveh than Tarshish any time. We were soon in boats, and riding the rough sea, toward an opening in the rocks not more than three times the width of our craft. Having cleared them, we saw the shore swarming with naked-legged Arabs, anxious to carry us ashore; but

after a ten minutes' battle with the boatman, conducted with vociferous demands for his money on one part, and a masterly inactivity on the other, we compelled him to land us upon the pier. Then bedlam broke loose. I have an impression that the people of Jaffa are the most ill-smelling on the face of the earth; that if they would show a tithe of energy in any legitimate industry that they do to secure a few cents for carrying luggage, they would be the most prosperous people on the globe; that the women are the most repulsive of their sex, (I was constantly grateful for the mercy to others that led them to vail their faces;) and that the children utter "backsheesh" with their first infant breath, pour out their expiring groan in those syllables, and utter the most of their breaths between with the same vocables. Jaffa makes much soap, but never uses any: grows the finest oranges in the world, but eats mostly onions.

The orange orchards about Jaffa are a revelation. I wandered in them a long time. The air was intoxicating with the rare odor of myriads of blossoms. A thousand brides might be crowned and covered with their entrancing beauty. Many branches trailed to the ground with burdens of ripe fruit. We were invited to pluck and eat all we wished. How I regretted having bought a

dozen of the hugest kind (for six cents) before I came in. We brought away trophies; one was fourteen and a half inches girth.

We rode out three hours to Ramleh, and were charmed with the beauty of the plain of Sharon. A Jew named Netter declared his belief that the land was cursed for the laziness of the people, and that industry would make it blossom again like the garden of the Lord. He applied his doctrine; and the blessings of royal harvests are waving in his field to-day as richly as in any part of the earth.

I believe the present inhabitants of Palestine are the laziest people on the earth. They are mostly Arabs; they lie round in the hot sun doing nothing, having nothing. A stone hut of one or two rooms, without floor, window, chair, furniture, or door, meets their ideas of a home; and one or two masses of filthy rags constitute an ample wardrobe. There are many advantages in their style of dress; their clothing never misfits; it can be made to conform to any prevailing style without making over; it is constrained by no laws of color. Catch an Arab maiden spending a whole day in matching shades! A single garment of blue cotton is often her whole dress; and lastly, it enables one to reach any part of his person

instantly to expel insectiverous intruders—a decided advantage, and one that I sadly miss.

I have not seen a new garment in my whole two days; I do not think they ever have any, except as the boy got a new knife by having a new blade put in, and then a handle added to the blade. They plow with a wooden stick that a man can swing with one hand, drawn by two little oxen somewhat bigger than cats. Their streets are so crooked that three of our party were inextricably lost in a town covering an acre, by being three rods behind. Rags, rottenness, smoke, and laziness fill the life of the men; hard work and wearing coins for ornaments, the women; and crying “backsheesh,” that of the children. I have seen as many as twenty coins, as large as a silver quarter of a dollar, hung to the vail of a woman engaged in such work as carrying manure! I have seen one hundred and fifty dollars’ worth of gold coin on the vail of a single woman whose whole wardrobe could not have been worth two dollars. Even the babies wear anklets, and have coins hung around their foreheads. Some of the donkeys wear brazen ornaments in their noses and ears—so they do in other parts of the world.

The roads could not be worse. They never are improved by labor, but are full of loose and tight

stones of all sizes, from that of an egg to that of a barrel. "Gather out the stones," has been obeyed only by the law of contraries. Even large towns like Gibeon have not a rod of decent road.

The country is far more hilly and uneven than I expected; there is hardly a level place large enough for a house or a grave from Lydda to Jerusalem. The steep declivities of the hills touch, without intervening meadows; and the summit of a hill is no sooner reached than you commence to descend the other side. Neither are the strata of these limestone hills inclined, as almost everywhere else. The whole country was lifted up at once, and the original level preserved. Therefore the hills are naturally terraced, and look as if infinite labor had been bestowed upon them. These limestone hills are sterile to an extent never dreamed of. They glare in the sun; are destitute of tree, shrub, and often grass. God must have been good to the land in the olden time, or it would have been worse than the desert. Indeed, its present condition is illustrative of the curses pronounced upon it by Jeremiah. It could not be a fertile and pleasant land and the word of prophecy be true. We have ridden over thirty miles to-day, and, excepting a few acres about Gibeon, there is not an acre that any farmer amid the stony

hills of New Hampshire ought to take as a gift. The curse has withered it. There were but two places where a drop of water naturally came to the surface. One was just east of Bethhoron, where we stayed the most ravenous appetite that ever brought a sense of emptiness, and the other was the pool at Gibeon. The desolate aspect of the country is greatly increased by the ruins that everywhere speak of a prosperity that has vanished, and a life that has turned to death. The only buildings that are attempted to be kept in repair are the tombs of the contemptible grandees of this miserable people. These are placed on every lofty summit of the hills. That is fitting. They have groveled long enough, and if there is any possibility of their having a part in the first resurrection they will need a good start.

Do not think I take a cerulean view of things; I have not had the blues to-day. It has been a day of exhilaration and rapture; for I have stood on famous sites of Bible scenes, and seen how the everlasting hills tell God's truth. I did not want to go from Egypt to Jerusalem direct—from Moses' birth to Christ's death at once; so I turned up the mountains of Bethhoron to see, first of all, where Joshua got possession of the land by the defeat of the five kings in the lengthened day. I

climbed up the valley where the confederate host came down pell-mell from the siege of Gibeon; I saw where the Lord hindered and slew them with the storm of hail—where Joshua came upon them, and, in the long day of an unmoving sun, completed the work. Soon after I came to Gibeon itself. It was the ecclesiastical capital of the theocracy for a long time. Here rested the tabernacle till the completion of the temple; here met Israel and Judah in exterminating warfare; here was the duel of twenty-four men, in which every man was slain; here Abner was defeated, and David secured his kingdom; here Amasa was slain; and here Solomon came up, as to a holy place, and prayed for that wisdom he needed to rule.

A mile to the south is Mizpeh—a look-out. Westward we saw all the hills of Bethhoron, the plain of Sharon, the blue Mediterranean; eastward, the mountains of Moab; but most of all, to the south-east, the walls and domes of Jerusalem. As many historical incidents cluster around this place as about Gibeon. Here was held the council that resulted in the almost entire extermination of the tribe of Benjamin; here Samuel gathered his armies; and here Saul was elected king. The truth of the Bible is incidentally written all over these hills. The

truth of its predictions cannot be doubted, nor the severity of its denunciations despised by any man who moves along the lines of their development.

Two hours later my horse's feet were clattering along the narrow, stony streets of Jerusalem; and here I sit to send a greeting to friends far away. Before me is holy week in Jerusalem. Here are Gethsemane, Calvary, and the place of the Resurrection; and before me are the memorial days of the occurrence of events that have given these spots their world-wide interest.

XXXI.

FAMILIAR PALESTINE.

THIS is the first country where I have felt at home. Yet I have been in no country that is so unlike my own. Somehow this seems as if I had lived here long ago in my half-forgotten youth, or possibly in some ante-natal condition, dimly remembered. As I try to clear away the mists, bring forward the distant, and make present what seems prehistoric, I find myself at my mother's side and my early childhood renewed. Now I see why this strange country seems so natural. Its customs, sights, sounds, and localities were those I lived among in that early time, as shown to me by pictures, explained by word, and funded as a part of my undying property.

The very first day, some experiences of which were sketched in my previous letter, was full of the most familiar scenes.

There were no windows on the streets, no lamps to light them; so that one would be in utter darkness if cast out from the wedding-feast.

Every house-top is a haunt for all purposes.

We went on the one where Peter went up to pray, and where he got tidings of the blessed prospects for us Gentiles. All house-tops have battlements about them, as Moses commanded, lest men fall and their blood lie at the door of the owner. The stairs usually go up outside the house, yet inside the court, so that coming down to rush into the street one must go right by the door. Christ told his disciples that there would be such urgency in their flight that they must not go in to take anything out. There was a mill, with its upper and nether mill-stones, in the very first yard we went into.

The ceaseless chattering of countless sparrows made it no wonder that five should be sold for two farthings. And yet our heavenly Father cared for each. How much more for men.

Every-where men wrote with reeds, and not with pens.

The Kadi and his court sat in the open air at the gate, as the judges in the time of Boaz. There sat Lot to receive the angels; there Abraham bought Machpelah; there Eli waited the news of the battle; and there David went up to weep. No wonder gates symbolized strength; and, considering that all go in at them, that we hear of the gates of death and the open gates of the city of life.

Outside the gates were the lepers, with fingerless hands, handless arms, noseless faces, eyeless sockets, voiceless throats, just a soul joined to a body of death. Covetousness must be an awful sin to be punished with such a terrible visitation.

A few rods outside the gate stood a great sycamore tree, reaching out a strong level limb over the road for any Zaccheus that wanted to see Jesus. Its strong, well-rooted, and far-braced bole presented a capital opportunity for any one to test his faith.

Vailed women met us every-where.

There was a plenty of praying in public places, whether to be seen of men, the All-seeing alone could discover. Repetitions were abundant, for a man stood saying over and over "Allah hu Akbar" more times than I cared to remain to count. I suppose they were vain, for the Arabs have a proverb in regard to these pretentiously pious people: "If your neighbor has been to Mecca once, watch him; twice, avoid him; if three times, move into the next street." Arabs who have been once are apt to be quite sharp enough for Americans who are old enough to have cut their wisdom teeth. When they say "I never cheat," judge them by the rule of contraries.

The plain of Sharon was gorgeous with flowers.

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

At night somebody hammered on our door half an hour, but "the door was shut." We had auricular proof that "without were dogs," plenty of them.

We ceased to wonder that they should call on the people to make the paths straight, if they expect to welcome their Lord.

But I need not particularize. The whole scenery is appropriate, and all Bible description exact. In the southern part of Palestine vineyards abound. They have their hedge, tower, winefat, and are let out to husbandmen. Of the five parables and references to vineyards, three at least, and probably five, were spoken in Southern Palestine. The allusion to the torrent that swept away the foolish man's house was spoken in Northern Palestine, where that thing is done even to this day. And a place that meets every requirement of the parable of the sower, namely, the wayside, stony ground, thorns, birds of the air, and good ground, can yet be seen from the Lake of Galilee.

The Scripture is always correct. Samson goes *down* to Timnath, Joshua goes *up* from Ai, and *down* from Bethhoron. And we go *down* to Jericho to this day. The south wind blows from Arabia,

and there is heat. The clouds come from the Mediterranean in the west, and there is rain. "God prepared an east wind, and the same beat on the head of Jonah, and he fainted." So did I nearly when a sirocco swept over the burning desert from the far east, and the thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees in the coolest place we could find.

God is careful to attest his word. He hath left all Palestine as one great comment on the Bible. He hath made the dumb earth to speak its truth; every flower breathes incense to its praise. The chirp of twittering bird all over the earth, as well as angel-song at Bethlehem, declares its truth. Summer shower, evening wind, and beautiful rainbows, attest that it is from God. Goethe said, The more we study the Bible the more we see to study. The Christian says, The more we love it the more we are drawn to love. We will take it, as Christ did, into our fierce battles; and when the conflict thickens we grow weak, and the great enemy exults, we will hurl it at him. We shall find it a word of power. When we grow weary in life, and long for life that cannot weary, we will lay it beneath our heads, and draw such life from the word as toil cannot weaken and death cannot touch.

X X X I I .

A SHAM PENTECOST.

THE Greek Church is so super-apostolic that it is favored with a Pentecost every year. It needs it. One every month, such as I saw to-day, could not save or extend its power. The difficulty is that its Pentecost and descent of flame are only human—terribly human.

On Thursday evening the host was carried into the Holy Sepulchre, and from that time thousands of pilgrims actually camped in the church, and left it not, day or night, for any purpose, that they might watch for the coming of the fire on Saturday noon. It is the occasion of the Greek Easter.

On Friday night there was hardly room enough to step in the numerous cloisters, chapels, and congeries of apartments that make up the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, so thickly were the bodies of the sleeping pilgrims disposed about the floors. It was perfectly still. They seemed like dead men, awaiting to rise with their Lord; as if they were the ones whose graves had been opened, and were

to go with him, after his resurrection, into the Holy City, and appear unto many.

I went in again at eleven o'clock Saturday morning. By the favor of the British Consul (for we have none here) I was assigned an admirable place for seeing. The Holy Sepulchre stands in a rotunda, ninety-nine feet in diameter, surrounded by eighteen colossal piers, between which passages lead to innumerable rooms circling round the central rotunda. Two galleries, one above the other, are carried entirely around, giving room for spectators to stand between the enormous piers. To afford additional room for spectators, temporary galleries had been fitted up between the floor and the first gallery. My position was in the first gallery, nearly opposite the hole in the sepulchre whence the holy fire was to issue.

The building was packed to its utmost limit. Men were perched in the most inaccessible places : standing on one foot in deep panels, clinging to hanging lamps, climbing up ladders, and sometimes standing on each other. A double line of Turkish soldiers on each side endeavored to keep open a passage round the sepulchre, through which the ecclesiastical dignitaries were to march. I say, endeavored ; but they could not always succeed. A rush would often take place between two

piers, and the line of soldiers would be crowded together in spite of themselves. Then the officers would belabor the crowd most unmercifully with large whips over the heads of the soldiers. I could often see that just out of reach of those terrible whips would be a dozen jovial fellows, crouched for vantage ground, and shoving lustily those who were within range of the lash. Then the officers would appear in the rear, and, clutching the real rascals from behind, pitch them out of the crowd without gloves. A stalwart Nubian seemed to have the most authority and strength.

Next to the sepulchre was a solid mass of flesh. I never looked on rougher specimens of my kind, except some Bedouins near the Dead Sea. For clear, unadulterated devilishness, they will long carry the palm. But these were bad enough. Scarcely any one had on more clothing than drawers, shirt, and turban. Their sleeves were rolled up, or gone to the shoulder; their arms were tattooed to the elbow; in each right hand was firmly grasped a bunch of quarter-inch candles, tied together till from one to three inches in diameter, and firmly lashed to the wrist. Every arm was thrown up and spread over the shoulders of the crowd. Hardly a moment was free from some tumult. Some active rascal would suddenly

clutch his front neighbor by the neck, and crowd by him ; then yells, threats, and blows resounded. They used to kill each other by scores, to be the first to get the issuing holy fire. They were sure to be among the highest saints if they only succeeded. Now they sell the reception of the first fire to the highest bidder, and put a gang of prize-fighters around the hole to insure his getting what he pays for. This great boon has been sold for as much as one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. I am happy to say the estimate of its value has depreciated, and this year seven hundred and fifty dollars was the most money offered. Three men, who need to strike but once to finish a quarrel, stood round the holy hole to carry the first fire to the purchaser.

They had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, except one whose hair was cropped to fighting trim. They gloried in their strength. None ventured to approach very near where these Goliaths strutted.

An hour after my arrival, forty-eight hours after the arrival of many, the Pacha arrived, and took his seat near where I stood. We expected the performance would soon take place; for a few years ago, tired of waiting, he sent word to the ecclesiastics that if the fire did not come from heaven soon,

he would order his soldiers to make one on earth. It came directly. It did not come very soon to-day. Every few moments some one would creep through the lines, and commence to race like mad round the sepulchre. They would be speedily stopped, and unceremoniously jammed back into the crowd. Years ago, before soldiers were introduced, they had free license to race round the sacred tomb. Many were trampled to death. They give up their old privileges unwillingly. Frequently nearly every person in the building seemed infected with a sudden disposition to yell, and they indulged themselves freely. Then a dozen bells would ring; and anon the shrill ululations of a Moslem war-cry would pierce every part of the building. At length a procession of priests, bishop, and the patriarch, gorgeous in silk and embroidery, filed into the reserved arena. They marched three times around the sepulchre to the music of their own chant, and the unrestrained yells of thousands of frenzied men in at least half a dozen different languages. Then came a pause, but not a quiet. The manifestation of God was about to appear. Formerly they let a dove loose to fly in the dome, and thus represent the descent of the Holy Ghost. It is discontinued now. But the excitement is hardly less intense.

Had these men all suddenly gone mad, the excitement could not seem greater.

The fire frequently delays to fall. Formerly they would pitch every Arab out of the building, to hasten its coming. There were none present to-day.

Soon a robed bishop stepped to the holy hole, put in both arms, and paused a moment, while some hearts stood still in expectation of the flaming symbol of God's presence, and others went wild with unutterable frenzy. Suddenly he brought forth a bundle of candles, with a flame six inches high, flaring like a torch, and delivered it to the diabolical trinity beside him, who, locking one arm each about the other's necks, and holding the flame aloft with the other arms, started through the avenue of soldiers toward the waiting purchaser. Then the hell broke loose. Pandemonium yelled. The lines were forced together. Men leaped on each other, and thrust their candles toward the flame. The holders lashed it to and fro, that none might catch it, and pressed toward the purchaser. When they delivered it into his hand, there was not a single lighted taper in their surging wake. They had succeeded. Then the bishop took out another flame. One issued at the opposite side for the Armenians, and one from the western end

for the poor Copts at the same time. Men and devils yelled; reached a hundred naked arms toward the light; every man that got it strove to prevent his neighbors from lighting from his flame; many leaped on others having lights, and endeavored to wrench them away. Then we saw why they were lashed to the wrist. I expected to see every garment burst into flame. Some danced and swung their flaring torches, frequently striking others in the face. Many a long beard and uncut head of hair did take fire. Meanwhile, the flames spread. The smoke of thousands of torches, the suffocating smell of singed hair, rolled up and darkened the whole building, in which the torches flared and flickered as if in a witches' dance. Every man sought to bathe himself in the flame. They opened their shirts, and thrust the torch into their bosoms; waved it before their faces to breathe the fire. The crowd evidently thinned.

Hundreds were crushed to death in 1834 by attempting to leave the church at once after the fire came. Skull caps of white cotton are sold by thousands to be used to put out the fire, and be put on the head of the pilgrim after death. Men now extinguished their fires in these caps, turbans, shirts, and handkerchiefs. But frequently some newcomer would make a wide circle where he

swung his flaring flame, or some one destitute of a torch would create a decided scene by striving to wring one from its legitimate possessor.

I came out and watched the mass of humanity (?) issuing from the portal. They looked haggard. Many had lost turbans and head-gear in the fight. Many were singed. Many were blowing red blisters, disproving the doctrine that the fire is harmless. Perhaps it is only so to saints. If so, I wonder the whole multitude was not consumed. Every one bore his bunch of candles. Most had the cloth to which the holy fire imparted its sanctity when extinguished. These candles, cloths, and pilgrims, will scatter to the far parts of Northern Russia, and away to the East to-morrow. What can God do with such material? A sweet picture rises to rebuke me for that question. I saw a school of sweet-faced children the other day as interesting as those that dot our New England hills. And I was told that those children were raked as jewels out of these foul sewers of Jerusalem. They were a part of this human vermin put into better circumstances. And I ought rather to ask, What will *we* do for these, our fellows?

To the honor of the Greek Church be it said that one man declined the patriarchate of Jerusalem because he would not take part in what he

knew to be a fraud. And the present Patriarch rendered himself unpopular by honestly declaring that the fire had an earthly origin. But what Irishman would go to Donnybrook Fair if there was to be no play with shillalahs? What Digger Indian would go to a pow-wow and war dance if there was no captive to be tortured? And what Greek pilgrim would come from Siberia, or Copt from Central Africa, if there is to be no Pentecost at Jerusalem; no candle that has been touched by holy fire in his dwelling after his return; and no memory that he has been near God to bless him through all his after-life?

XXXIII.

GROPINGS UNDER JERUSALEM.

HE tendency of cities is to bury themselves. The ground around Notre Dame, in Paris, has risen eleven feet in seven hundred years. The pavement on which the people stood to hear Cicero scarify Cataline was discovered twelve feet under the surface of the cow-pasture which took its place. The magnificent foundations of the gate, through which the great Panathenaic processions swept to the Parthenon at Athens, have just been uncovered by removing twenty feet of earth. We were able to see the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, where the people yelled for two hours, only by removing about thirty feet of soil. And the twenty sieges, seventeen captures, and two utter annihilations of Jerusalem, have heaped the *débris* of its ruins in some places to the depth of one hundred feet. Some houses have three ranges of ruins under them.

The tendency of the explorer is to disinter. He likes to go to the bottom of things, and I confess I share his feelings. The whole rocky region

about Jerusalem has been fairly honey-combed. The precipitous sides of the ravines all gape with old tombs—some single, many of complicated construction, and connected with chambers, vaults, passages, story above story, and range behind range.

But the city itself is the chief object of interest. The location of the holy sites has given rise to battles as long and fierce, if not as bloody, as those for the possession of the city itself. It seems to me that God has designedly hidden these from identification. And when I see the blind idolatry of those places, that the least sense can see are not the real ones, I am not surprised.

But we are lingering above ground, and resisting the fascination below. Just east of the Damascus gate on the north side of the city, where the whole rocky area has been greatly cut down, we pass under the walls, light our candles, scramble down over a heap of rubbish through a three-foot passage, and come into vast excavations directly under the city. Here we wandered hour after hour, constantly descending toward the south-east. These excavations are immense. In some places there were great heaps of small chips, as if ten thousand perch of stone had been dressed at that spot. Sometimes we came to vast irregular

pillars, left to support the roof. Sometimes that support had been insufficient, and a thousand tons of rock had fallen from roof to floor. If the process had been repeated while we were under we should have needed no other burial. We came to a place where a man, who had wandered long in these vast caves, had lain down and died. Doubtless his lights had all burned out, and left him in this utter blackness to wander hopelessly till his starved body refused to move, and he lay down to wait alone for death. It is a good place to lose one's self. The lights of your fellows disappear behind columns, or in distant recesses. And when you shout to them, or they to you, the multitudinous echoes prevent your knowing whence the voice proceeds. Even our guide lost his way in trying to come out, and we had an opportunity to speculate on how long our diminishing candles would last. We could see where the workmen placed their smoky lamps on the wall, where they had partially excavated behind slabs of rock which they did not finally detach; we saw blocks that were not finished, the marks of the tools as plain as when first made.

In one place some water trickled down through the limestone, and left its usual depositions of pure white. Who excavated these vast chambers, and

for what purpose? Evidently for the purpose of obtaining building-stone. And probably it was done by Solomon to obtain stones for the temple, and his other vast works. Here they were torn from their beds, broken, cut, shaped, and polished in the dark, and then lifted up into the light, never to feel hammer-stroke any more, but to be set in their designed place in the temple, amid the shoutings of "Grace, grace!" So it is with us, the living stones.

When Solomon received the exact pattern and dimensions for the temple on Mount Moriah, he found that the temple was much larger than the area of the mountain top. What was to be done? "Reduce the building to the size of the ground," Worldly Wiseman might say. "Not a digit," said the then obedient Solomon; "build the mountain of the Lord's house large enough to receive the house itself." It was done, and immense substructures rose from the sloping sides to the level of the mountain. We went down into the complicated series of arches and pillars that have been placed between these walls and the mountain to support the floor above. And though they have been reconstructed out of the old material, we got a vivid idea of the extent of the vast works that Solomon accomplished.

To go down into the lowest series of subterranean works that has been discovered was a task of greater difficulty. Several guides professed to be able to lead thither, but did not. The authorities would gladly bury all knowledge of these discoveries. The very last day of my tarrying in Jerusalem had come, and I feared I might not accomplish my wish. But one of Captain Warren's assistants came to my aid. I expected the place would not be particularly sweet, dry, roomy, or pleasant; and as I crept along on hands and toes, with the mud oozing up between my fingers, and the fragrance of these sub-sewers in my nostrils, I realized my expectations.

But who could traverse works whose stones were laid under the supervision of Solomon, by the workmen of King Hiram of Tyre, and still bearing the Phœnician marks, and not be thrilled with the greatest interest! Here doubt vanishes, and the doings of the great king of Jerusalem stand confessed. The only drawback to the pleasure of the day was the consciousness that these explorations had come to an end—that numberless cisterns, tanks, and passages remained unexplored, and questions of the highest interest unsolved. But ignorance and superstition cannot always reign. Some time not very far distant, I believe, permis-

sion will be obtained, and, since they would not now be worshiped by the finders, the sacred sites of the temple, the altar, the holy of holies, and the place of the crucifixion, will be conclusively identified.

XXXIV.

HOW WE GET ABOUT THE HOLY LAND.

WE get about just as our fathers, the patriarchs, did. Like Abraham, we come from a far country, and have servants and horses and camels and asses. Like Jacob, we are plain men dwelling in tents. Like David, we are strangers and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days are as a shadow, and there is no abiding.

When it is known that there is a party at the Damascus or Mediterranean hotel at Jerusalem about to make a tour in the country, every dragoman prepares to call upon them in state. They send up their cards. They come themselves, brown, yellow, and black—in wide trousers, and turbans green, blue, red, and white. Finding there is no lack in quantity, you begin to inquire about quality, and find from their innumerable testimonials, many of them manufactured and spurious, that each one is the best in Syria. Some of them speak as many as ten languages, but can neither read nor write one.

Being Americans, we selected a Nubian named

Eunice, black as a coal, with regular African features and heels, who declared, after seeing our white skins at the Dead Sea, that he was born white as any of us, but had got somewhat tanned. He could both read and write.

This dragoman provided us with three large double tents, one for stores and two for us, the men sleeping out doors among the horses; nine men, and fourteen horses and mules. What an army for five unostentatious Methodist preachers. Besides these there was always a guard hired from a neighboring post at night, and sometimes an escort by day. This guard always endeavored to seem to earn their money by an incessant challenging of real or imaginary foes, and discharging their fire-arms every few minutes throughout the entire night. This immense train and guard seemed unnecessary to us, but the dragoman, having contracted to take us on our journey safely, was at liberty to engage as large an army as he thought best.

That contract was something truly formidable. It took all the legal talent of the party to draw it up. It was strong enough for a hundred thousand dollar job at least. It was witnessed before the consul. I take it out of my reliques, and look over its English script, which the dragoman could not under-

stand, and its supposed Arabic, which we could not understand, with no little interest. Nevertheless it stood us in good stead. When disputes arose, and rebellions were imminent, we pointed to clauses strong enough to beggar, draw and quarter our poor dragoman on our arrival at the end of our journey, and every time that contract won the day. We might have kept him till this time with it. Indeed, so enamored did he become with us, he begged to be taken to America. But for fear of breaking the hearts of his two wives in Cairo, we insisted on his return.

The roads over which Joseph sent wagons, and on which the Canaanites, King Jabin, the Philistines, and old Romans drove their chariots, have all disappeared. It is a rare thing to find a rod of Roman road. Only one road now exists, and that has just been finished from Beirut to Damascus. And even there, the natives drive their camels and other beasts of burden along unworked mountain-paths beside that perfect road rather than pay a trifling toll for its use.

But how do we get about? Suppose we live over a specimen day. Five o'clock finds us turning out of our camp-beds, cooling our hundreds of volcanoes with welcome water, inspecting every article of clothing with care, and finding, perhaps,

before the toilet is completed, that some flea has escaped notice, and is devoting all his venomous energies to raising more volcanoes.

Then we step out of the tent-door, and Mount Ebal faces us. Behind is Gerizim, and between, the beautiful valley of springs. Breakfast consists, as usual, of eggs, boiled, raw, or omeletted, two courses of meat, bread, butter, coffee, oranges, and nuts. Then to horse. Then follows a series of denunciations of the "master of horse" and his miserable string contrivances, of which he understands not a word, and we learn to depend on ourselves. The usual crowd of lepers stands round for alms. We give to their chief for the general good, and are glad to leave them behind. We ride an hour through olive groves, and an hour after approach ancient Samaria. I thought I had prepared for the journey, and could meet no surprises. But the beauty of the situation, the extraordinary magnificence of its former architectural splendor as shown in present ruins, astonished me. For a half a mile huge columns protrude from the accumulated earth, in the midst of wheat fields and olive orchards, showing what was once a stately colonnade leading to a magnificent temple on the summit. But Samaria sinned, and the word of prophecy proclaimed that it should fall; and

all the art and power of man is as weakness before one of God's words.

Then we climbed steep hills for hours; met dozens of women bringing down great bundles of thorny brush for fire-wood. I do not wonder that they are willing to go, as they sometimes do, four miles, and climb a high mountain, as we found them on Tabor, to get the means of making a sweeter smelling fire than the dried manure, with which so many villages scent the air for miles.

The noon-day lunch, consisting of cold chicken, mutton, eggs, sardines, bread of the country, sometimes in loaves and sometimes rolled thin as a napkin, and as large, is eaten under some fig or olive tree, when such can be found, by men who know what hunger is. A few oranges and dates give a touch of elegance to a repast that otherwise would have been more substantial eating.

Reaching the summit of the hills, we cried, "Thalatta, thalatta!" as eagerly as did Xenophon's ten thousand Greeks, for at the west was the blue Mediterranean. Between us and it nestled Dothan, on the hill that Elijah saw full of chariots and horsemen. Carmel lay at the north-west. The great battle-plain of Esdraelon spread at our feet; in it were Jezreel and Nain, and beyond it the hills of Nazareth. Just at the right of them rose

the rounded form of Tabor, at the north-west lay the sea of Galilee, and beyond it Herman lifted its snowy crest. At the east lay, near at hand, the hills of Gilboa, and beyond, the mountains of Moab. How we lingered over the prospect! O these visions of the land of promise! They rise in long delightful lines, and sweep by like panoramas. There are pictures of green set in rocky border, fertility contrasted with sterility, strange trees covered with gorgeous flowers, places dear to us as home, and all embosomed in pellucid air. Yes, dear to us as home; for they are associated with the home of the soul, its rest, peace, and the beginning of its best life. By five o'clock in the afternoon we had finished our wanderings among the hills, and came down to our camp at Jenin.

Here we had dinner. That was always an event. It consisted of no less than five or six courses, of which the breakfast and ample lunch were only a hint, a foretelling.

Thus day by day we traversed scenes of most absorbing interest. One by one, words ceased to represent a dim airy imagining and came to represent a living reality. God's great judgments are scored into the eternal rocks of these hills, branded deep into the seared valleys, and written

on a hundred ruined cities and towns. Already the wearinesses, discomforts, fatigues, and disgusts have retired by a law of our nature into the dim background, and are recalled only by an effort; while the moral victories of our race, the places where they were won, and the visions of Jesus walking like a reservoir of life amid our dying humanity, grow clearer and more beautiful day by day.

XXXV.

PILGRIMS.

WHEN the sun of Africa reaches the limit of its southing, and begins to come back toward the equator and the north, there is a stir in the breasts of those far-off men to go to Jerusalem. They float down the Nile, they take caravans and cross the deserts from Abyssinia, or the steamers and cross the sea, but they must come to the Holy City. The same feeling stirs Arabia and the far East. It quivers through Europe. Frozen Russia is warmed by the same impulse, and from a thousand converging lines men draw near the holy place. Easter week finds thousands gathered at Jerusalem who have never been there before, nor ever expect to be again, for once going is thought to be enough for a life-time.

It would seem as if the Jews' habit of "going up to Jerusalem" had inoculated the race and become universal. To this city the Magi came from far-off Persia. To this city the heart of Europe turned through the Middle Ages in pilgrimages of thousands upon thousands. They

went singly and in companies, begging in their poverty, or spending their wealth; went when the difficulties and dangers were so great that, of a company of seven thousand, only two thousand could be expected to return. Then they went armed, and the Crusades were inaugurated, which were only pilgrimages under arms. And now the only signs of enterprise about the city are exhibited in those vast establishments that have been erected to take care of the pilgrims that once a year make the desolate streets of Jerusalem thronged as at a Passover. It is the holy city of the Jew, who would be glad to buy the right to own and rule it at any price. It is a holy city of the Moslem, who would not sell or yield it on any condition. It does seem as if the great sacrifice of Christ for man's good had enshrined this place in the warmest affections of the human heart. What a pity that this great annual gathering could not be made to conduce to union, and not to scorn—a kind of universal Evangelical Alliance. Who shall say man has not a deeply religious nature?

It is fortunate that the Greek and Latin Easters do not occur on the same week. As it is, the Latins can crucify their wooden image, take it down from the cross, anoint it on the stone ofunction, put it in the tomb, and perform all other

spectacular pageants one week, and leave the place for the Greeks to hold their powwows the next. It is fortunate that the Moslems have holy places different from the Christians. They go to the pretended tomb of Moses, on this side Jordan, for purposes similar to those which bring Christians to the supposed tomb of Christ. Either by providential foresight, or by remarkable coincidence, the pilgrimage takes place at the Greek Easter. It is escorted out of St. Stephen's Gate at the east of the city by all the military power of the Governor, and with as much *éclat* as possible. If, as the Moslems constantly fear, a pilgrimage of the Christians should at any time become a crusade for the capture of Jerusalem, there would be a force of fanatics at hand to defend the city.

These pilgrims are a study. They are of all ages and conditions. The old gray-haired sire, who has been deprived of this priceless opportunity through a long life, finding his opportunity at last, gathers up his staff, and, uncertain whether he shall ever return, sets out on his long-deferred quest. The mother takes her little babe in her arms that she may dip it beneath the sacred Jordan, or let it breathe the holy fire that cleanses away its stains. Young married couples often take the pilgrimage for a wedding journey. At

the time of their coming and going every steamer swarms with them, as the Egyptians did with something else during the third plague. Under and upper-deck, the top of the caboose, the inside of every boat and the grating on which it rests, quarter-deck, and forecastle, are covered so thickly that they scarcely attempt to move at all. There they sit by day, there they recline at night, and there they take their meals. Whoever tries to get about the deck steps between the feet of a toothless old crone, strides over a curled-up heap of rags, crowds through a dozen who have got on their feet, trips here, and stumbles there, catching himself by a rope, or falling into the general wriggling mass, conscious all the while that the ship no more swarms with them than they swarm with fleas and other equally detestable vermin. Six hundred were thus stowed away and piled up on board our little Austrian Lloyd. It was so crowded that it could only give us two beds for five persons.

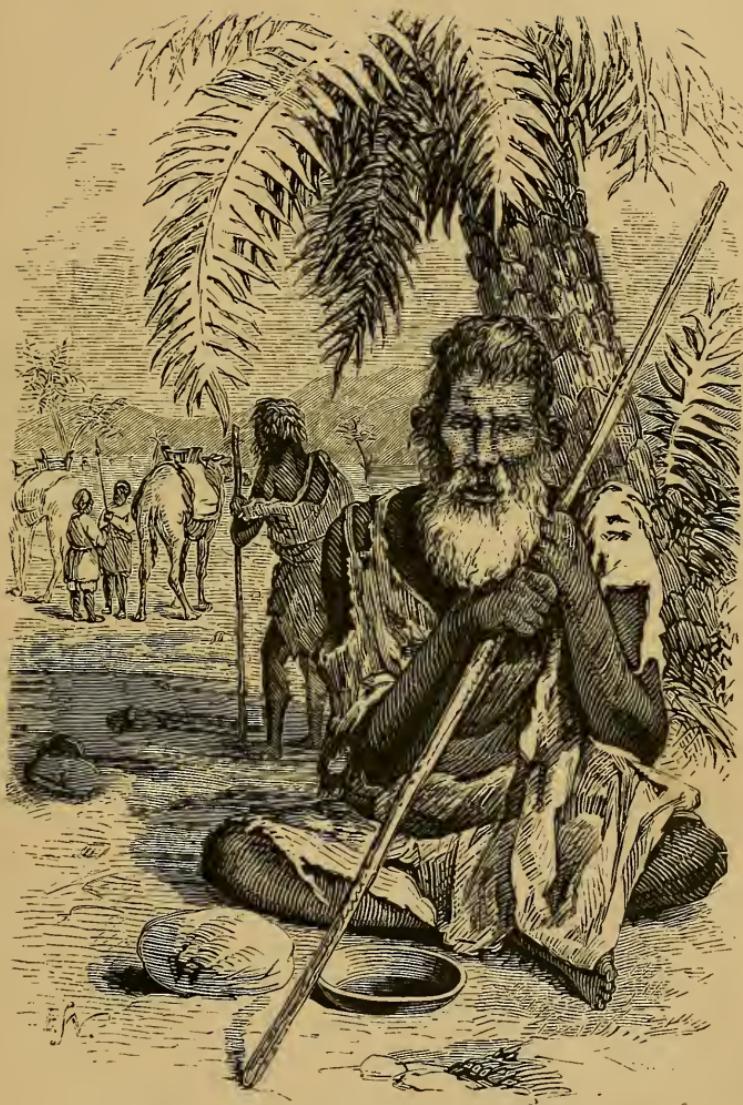
When I heard that seventeen, who tried to take the boat at Jaffa, had been dashed on the rocks by the surf and drowned, my feelings were touched. Yes, I felt—that there was so much more room on board.

I shall never forget one large old Greek woman,

who had been smuggled into the cabin by her well-to-do son. She sat opposite us, and next to a young exquisite. She weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and ate accordingly. She would look up to her elegant neighbor with a smile like a dimple in a platter of jelly, and take any thing off his plate without so much as saying, "By your leave." He tried to be polite, and we tried to be decently sober; neither succeeded. But she never took the hint. She took the provisions instead. While we were laughing, we found to our horror that the plate of figs that was to serve for a dessert after the courses, was being rapidly emptied before the time. One of our party removed it beyond her reach. She did not take the hint, but took a fork and went for it. Then the plate went beyond the range of any of her supplemented capabilities; she looked surprised, but I do not think she ever understood the meaning of the movement. She ate with her fingers, and licked them clean as complacently as a kitten does its paws. I could not see that her pilgrimage had done her much good, for she clandestinely stole what she had a perfect right to take. But possibly there was so much of her that it would take five or six pilgrimages to pickle her clear through.

I got on such intimate terms with one old pil-

grim at Jerusalem that I obtained his picture. He is a type of a class. Many are obliged to obtain by charity the means of support. They sit for hours motionless in the hot sun on the burned earth. The hair sometimes grows all over their exposed backs and breasts, completely hiding the skin from sight. It occurred to me that in the rarity of Christian, or heathen, charity they were obliged to eat greens, as Nebuchadnezzar did, and their pin feathers were beginning to sprout.



9742

The Old Pilgrim.

XXXVI.

HUMAN NATURE.

T is a great thing. We were going this morning to see the place when the vast empire of a single man held more unclean spirits than two thousand swine could carry. But we have found a vaster possession here. There is our Jew guide, Moses, besides all the concentrated contrariness of his race, besides absorbing all the obstinacy of the region, so that our very mules are meek, and Marmoud, master of horse, is amiable—has become suddenly possessed with I know not how many stubborn devils of disobedience, and we cannot cast them out. They are the kind that go not out except by prayer and fasting. Moses wont do either, and we have no spirit for the first nor time for the second. Our tents were all struck, and we ready for the saddle, when the spirits seized him, and he declared he would not go a step. They were the pious kind of devils. He declared that, since it was Saturday, his religion forbade to include the distance from Nazareth, via

Tabor, to Tiberias in a Sabbath-day's journey. He declared that all the money in Palestine could not induce him to violate his conscience; and when our Sheik's cane was flourishing about his ears, confessed himself "an old Jew," and ready to die for his religion.

I never understood before why some tribes are accustomed to beat those whom they suppose to be possessed of devils. I confess it then seemed the most natural thing to do. But we turned him over to "the government man" to compel him to fulfill his contract, and an hour after all the obstinacy returned to our mules and Marmoud, and we Gentiles were following a meek Moses toward Tabor and out of Canaan.

I made another discovery in this vast domain recently. I saw some little children making up all sorts of contemptuous faces at our party, including the venerable Sheik, Brother Elliot. I could not understand it. I first supposed the pitiable things had the St. Vitus' Dance. But having been spit at and hit with their spiteful little fists a few times I began to take the hint. It dawned on me that we were objects of scorn and spitting to those vermin that swarmed about us. It was an astonishment. I had supposed that we were Christian gentlemen, and citizens of the uni-

versal Yankee nation; but we were nothing but "Christian dogs." I think that if a new crusade to exterminate the holders of the Holy Sepulchre had been preached then and there, five enlistments would have been made on the spot.

Afterward I thought it out. These Arabs are a free, wild race. They have ruled very widely. They had but to rally to the cry "There is no God but God," etc., and they swept three continents. I am amazed when I remember how widely this little peninsula of Arabia once ruled. East as far as India; south and west, to the heart of Africa and the Atlantic. They overran the south of Europe for a century, and they believe that the crescent became decrescent only after being full, and, in obedience to infinite fate, will soon begin to fill again. I do not wonder at their pride.

What have they known of the people they despise? They have abused the Jews, and hence despised them. How could they help doing the first; or last? The Jews claimed the city that was holy in the eyes of the Moslems. Unable to conquer it, they were willing to pay any price for the privilege of crawling in its dust and kissing its stones. It would not be in human nature, especially Arab, to refuse, and to make the price exorbitant. Again, the Jews who resort to Jerusa-

lem are the greatest temptation toward despising a brother, a man ever encountered. Many of them are the broken-down sinners of the race, from all countries, going back to spend the wretched remnant of their lives in expiation. I shared the Arab feeling toward them, till I remembered I had a better teaching and a diviner example.

Then the Arabs have had some dealings with my brother Christians. They have been swarming to Jerusalem for six centuries as purposeless pilgrims, dirty and beggarly; or, as soldiers, to wrest from them their acquired or rightful possessions. The Arabs carried the palm in fighting, the crusaders in lying and truce-breaking.

The Christians have also dwelt in their midst for a time sufficient to enable a moderately quick-witted Arab to judge of their excellence. They are in Jerusalem and in Bethlehem as two hostile and rival sects, ready to fly at each other's throats for the least advantage over each other, or to combine for the least advantage over the Arab. A few days before I was in Bethlehem the Latin and Greek monks fought each other in the Church of the Nativity. A few days after they combined and fought the authorities, strewing the Church with the torn-down finery, smashed lamps, and fourteen dead bodies. The Turks know that the pretext

of the Czar for attacking Turkey in the Crimean war arose out of a contest about which sect should repair the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Arab sees Christians as two hostile sects, between which he stands to keep them from devouring each other.

When I looked down on the Turkish soldiers preserving order at the pretended descent of the Holy Fire, keeping them from enacting the crushes and slaughters of former years, I said, You have a right to despise such hideous mockeries, cheats, and the people that do them. Children of Hebron, you may spit at me, my race deserves it; and I wont enlist in a crusade for your annihilation.

How we shall eradicate this contempt that has been bred in the bone, taught by history, and strengthened by experience, and get them to accept us as their teachers and leaders, I do not exactly see. Perhaps the English method of sending physicians and teachers among them, who shall freely cure their bodies and enlighten their minds, is after all the quickest way.

When I went out of the streets of Jerusalem, from among the dirty, sore-eyed, ragged, ignorant children, who despised us "Christian dogs," into the schools of Bishop Gobat, and saw the bright-

faced, clear-eyed, well-dressed children, I could but ask, "Are these the children of the favored and rich citizens?" "O no, they are jewels picked out of the mire of the streets." The first thing Christianity does for them is the same that Jesus did for the blind man. It says, "Go, wash." The next thing, naturally, is the same that came to the demoniac. He was found "clothed." I trust that all else may follow: that, whereas they have been blind, they may see, and be in their right minds. These schools in Jerusalem, Nablous, and Nazareth, are the most promising features of what our Sheik was wont to call a "God-forsaken country." May they soon bring God back into the land where his brightest glories have been shown!

Another aspect of this kaleidoscopic human nature flashed on me in Cairo. I went to see the howling dervishes. Now, it is a fitting thing to bow before God, and to call upon his name. These men bow till their long hair sweeps the pavement, then throw themselves erect with such force, that their hair ends fly eighteen inches above their heads. At the same time they shout "Allah" in concert, and with such vehemence of utterance that the din is something terrific. Think of thirty men in a half circle going through this

exercise with the utmost rapidity, in perfect time, and under a master of ceremonies, who regulates it all. Occasionally he beckons a particularly zealous person to come inside, who extends his arms horizontally, and whirls round so rapidly that his hair stands out in a straight line parallel to his arms. This exercise continued for half an hour. Perspiration poured off the actors in streams. Occasionally one would become insane, and his movements spasmodic. He was then thrown upon the floor by the men appointed to care for such. His breathing was fearfully ster torous, and his violent movements threatened to dash his brains out on the pavement. One man sat on his chest to moderate his breathing, and another held his head. Not in the least was the violent motion of the performers decreased, or their resonant shout lessened. Indeed, I think each one desired to come into that condition as a kind of ecstasy. Of all hideous worship, short of burning human sacrifices, the worst I have seen is that of the howling dervishes. I think they ought to be designated by the omission of the r and the last three letters of their name and the addition of an l.

Coming out from this den, I saw a more pleasing specimen of human nature. It was a runner

before a royal carriage. He was dressed in a pure white robe of ample dimensions. He was sandaled with red, and his legs bare to the knee. In his hand he carried a light wand, and his business was to give warning in the busy street of the swift coming of the carriage. How lightly he ran. How vigorously and cheerily he cried. He never seemed to want for breath, to put his foot down heavily, or take it up wearily. He was a perfect human gazelle. I knew what the singer in the Canticles meant when she said her beloved was like a roe, leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills.

There is a great deal of human nature in European people, and they are not afraid to show it. We were approaching Vienna in the cars. There was a young man in our compartment who was suffering an ecstasy of agony from a cinder in his eye. A man six feet from him told him to pull the upper lid far down over the lower, hold it there a minute, and he would find relief. He did so, opened his eye, and felt no pain. He turned to his informant and said, "I thank you." Then he gave a couple of winks, looked out of the window to try his eye, and was so much relieved that he waved his hand to his friend in need, and said, "A hundred thanks!"

He soon discovered that he had not done justice to the subject. He was wholly cured. His face grew radiant as he left his seat, seized the kind stranger round the neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and said, "Ten thousand thanks! you have cured me."

Since that time I have told many American people, both gentlemen and ladies, how to get cinders out of their eyes, but they have never thanked me in that way.

Strangers often commence an acquaintance by showing you a hotel bill, in which is put down every glass of lager, and other less important provisions, for the purpose of warning you against a hotel where they charge a groschen too much. An American at home would scorn to call all the men in the office to join in a protest against what he deems an exorbitant charge. He would not have it presumed that he could not pay any charge the landlord could make. He thrusts his hand deep into his pocket, pays the bill, and says to himself, "I'll never go to that hotel again," and goes there the next time he visits the place.

The worship of the almighty dollar is a characteristic of universal human nature. In Europe, however, it is not fully developed; they worship centimes, kreutzers, pfennings, and such

infinitesimal fractions of a cent. I once bought some cherries in the street for a third of a cent. Turning them out, I discovered that all the good ones had been put on top. I paid three kreutzers for some nice strawberries one day, and my seat-mate, seeing how nice they were, paid ten times as much for a basket full of them ; but, having taken off the first layer, found that they were like the fig-tree in the Scriptures, nothing but leaves. As the train moved right off, he had only a burdock basket and the laugh of the passengers for his money. I had the same trick played on me months afterward by a girl, whose sweet face beguiled me from all thought that she could cheat.

I wrote the heading of this chapter, “Men which I have met,” in imitation of an article I once saw entitled “Dogs whom I have met.” But I have grown into a more genial mood as my pen has run along these later pages. I believe a fair proportion of human nature is a keen sense of the ludicrous, and it is by no means so small a proportion as Mr. Gradgrind imagined. I beg pardon, Mr. Gradgrind never imagined any thing. I have long since forgiven Moses and the sunny-faced girl on the Wengern Alp, and would be willing to give them an opportunity to try it again.

XXXVII.

OUR LAST RIDE IN SYRIA.

STRAIGHT into the gorge of the Barada (Abana), to the west of Damascus, runs the excellent road to Beirut. We could not tolerate such an impertinence as a road in Syria, and so we struck a trail into the desolate mountains further north. Desolate is no word for them. As you look over their stiffened billows, they seem never to have been kissed by the sunshine into blushes of flowers, but scorched, blistered, and blighted by its fire. There is not a gleam of greenness in their wide miles. The dull, reddish brown gives no place to those signs of life that spring vigorously where the retreating glacier only yesterday removed its cold foot, or to that hardier class of plants that assert their right to live on granite peaks. We soon reach the tomb of Abel, where tradition says Cain buried his brother after carrying him five hundred years on his back. If this cursedness fell on the place for such a sin, it seems a fitting location for the closing scene of that first murder.

But how different below. There is an island of green in a sea of desert. The wind careers over the city in sudden gusts. Here it silvers a mile of poplars in an instant; there it tosses the dark green of the English walnut; yonder it stirs up the light green of the olive; every-where it takes away for a moment the vail, and lets the thousand silver streams of Abana and Pharpar shimmer in the setting sun. On the south is the desert we have traveled; on the east, the deserts of Assyria; on every side, desolation; at our feet, that emblem of Paradise where grow all manner of fruits, and the streams of life make glad the city. We turn away with a reality to put alongside of John's picture, and heaven will be more real, if possible, for the vision.

Two vast ranges of mountains, whose passes are nearly as high, and peaks much higher than Mount Washington, lie between us and the sea. The valley of Coele-Syria lies between them. We now assault the first range, the Anti-Lebanon. Our tents had moved on hours before. The guide and master of horse were with us. After a couple of hours of the worst scrambling we had seen we condescended to take the road. Before night the winds, that had played over Damascus and painted pictures for us, roared and raged at us. Once

believe Æolus to be a god, and no one would dare attempt these heights in the face of such beating defiance. Rain was soon added; but we took our gum-coats from the saddle-bow, our shawls from the seat, and defied the blast. But at length it grew so fierce that the rain cut the face like small hail. We could scarcely sit upon our horses; they could hardly be compelled to face it. Every few minutes they would wheel round to avoid its fury. After two hours of breasting the cold tempest we found a little shelter, and very little it was. After a trifling abatement we pushed on to our tents, and spent the evening in speculating on the weakness of tent-ropes and the strength of wind. In the morning the peaks about us glittered with abundant snow—a decided change from ninety-six degrees in the shade, where we had panted in the sirocco of the desert a few days before.

We willingly waited for sunshine that morning—sunshine that had made such progress toward nigritude on our face and hands that we had ceased to speculate on how long it would take us to become as brown as Arabs or black as Nubians, and only wondered whether we should ever approximate white men again. Yes, we waited for it; welcomed it; bathed hands and face in its warmth; and, standing amid the glittering peaks

of a sudden winter, thanked God for the “forces of a sunbeam.”

We soon reached the summit. I do not know what it is, but there is a perpetual charm about mountains.

“There is an ampler ether, a diviner air.” The element of variety exists in almost endless development. You scale one pass or peak with infinite labor one day, but you are lured irresistibly to scale another the next day. Gorges, peaks, plateaus, precipices, hold and thrill one with a sense of sublime power, and make him feel like a Titan, able to toss and hurl these mountains in his own hands. Then to come down into a valley is like a panorama. It is at first too distant to distinguish anything but general features—its vast fields of variegated color only blend to make one picture; but hour by hour, as you wind down the mountain side, new revelations appear; you fill your majestic outlines with individual beauties, and populate it with human life and love. So, for hours, we came down into that most beautiful valley of Central Syria. It vividly called up Holyoke, Wyoming, Meiringen, and a dozen brain-pictures God has given me, to hint what more glorious landscapes he can make in a perfect world.

Far over the plain we saw a single horseman galloping toward us. Almost before I realized it Rev. Mr. Dale, missionary from Philadelphia to Zahleh, had us by the hand. We had telegraphed him from Damascus, and he had ridden about ten miles to meet us. I was pleased to find him full of enthusiasm in his slow work. He has not yet learned to speak to those he comes to show the way of life, but he calls these people "my natives," as if already converted.

Great success has attended the labor of the American Board in Syria. Dr. Thomson has been here forty years. They establish schools and Churches wherever occasion demands or their means permit. They practice the regular Methodist tactics of circuits and an itinerant ministry. The slaughters and civil war of 1860 so broke the spirit of the people that Christianity has been accepted much more readily since. "Humility is so sweet when pride is impossible." We reluctantly bade our brother adieu on the road, left him alone in that oasis of nature but desert of grace, and began an evening climb on the west side of the valley whose eastern slope we had descended in the morning. We did not pitch camp till quite late. We lived among the stars again that night.

Next morning the horses came out fresh and

frisky. We were to dip our faces in the sea before noon. In an hour we looked out between the snowy peaks, and the sea was at our feet. The white houses of Beirut gleamed in the dark green of fig, orange, palm, and mulberry trees. It looked about five miles away, but it was twenty-five. Down the slopes of Lebanon, through terraced vineyards, picturesque scenery, varying tints of verdure, as we neared the tropic plain, we came with exuberant shout and song, entering Beirut about noon.

I parted from my horse with sincere regret. He had carried me four hundred and thirty miles without a balk. He never went back on me, as he had ample opportunity when going up hills that nearly approached the perpendicular, nor tossed me over his head in going down. And whenever there was a spot half level and smooth enough for a little race, and he wanted to dash ahead, I never curbed his impetuous spirit, nor tried to prevent his evident satisfaction at always coming out decidedly ahead. Nay, I ever encouraged him with my good wishes. May he always find plentiful provender, and riders in no wise averse to his best ambition!

Mingled feelings possess me as I now find my tour in Palestine a thing of the past—a memory,

and not an anticipation. My twenty-one days in the saddle have been a most exuberant physical life. Suns and storms, mountains and plains, wild gorge and terrible desert, have all stood as ministers of an enthusiasm that never faltered, an inspiration that never was withdrawn. History has unrolled its centuries before my eyes. Man's most majestic monuments have proclaimed his greatness; their wrecked remains have equally proclaimed its limit. Philosophy has stood by my side, announcing but few principles, but silently pointing at the pregnant examples that history marshals. Nations gather the strength of hoary centuries, only to rush to a surer ruin; vast, uncounted hosts shake the plain with their tread at evening, but in the morning they are dead men. The scenes shift as in a dream, but they change what has seemed like dreams and pictures into realities. The traces of individuals on three continents have changed the almost mythic Alexanders and Napoleons into ubiquitous Titans, toy ing with the blended powers of individuals, races, and empires. These figures of history stalk like great Colossi, holding a whole sheaf of scepters, ruling many empires, treading down individuals, fulfilling manifest destiny; but they stalk the sooner off the stage.

Most of all has the panorama of divine manifestation been unrolled. The holy places of earth are pictured in my memory; places of God's hailing wrath, of falling fire, of distilling dew, of heaven's curtains opening to take in the ascending spirit, or to let out a view of its glory—places where the touch of finger or thrill of voice upon the liquid air have sent warm life under the ribs of death; and especially that place where Death exhausted all its power on such fullness of life as left an infinite surplus to flow down to all the dying sinners of the race. Not only do these pictures all stand before me, but with almost equal delight rises that other place where Divine authority said, "The hour now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Thus in the very locality of the holy places themselves, the glorious doctrine of the holiness of every place was announced. Every hill is Bethel; every mountain is Dothan.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

NEARING THE PORT.

The land-breeze comes, a fragrant gale ;
The watery tinge has left the sky ;
To-morrow's morning shall unvail
The land so sought by every eye.

Below the near horizon's bound
Are homes our yearning hearts survey,
Familiar faces, hallowed ground,
And welcomes worth a year's delay.

Thus gales breathe hints of heavenly shores ;
Earth's skies are daily lifted higher ;
And sunsets seem like opening doors
To seas of mingled glass and fire.

Life's journeys close, and friends seem near,
Long missed, but waiting us in peace ;
Eternal mansions, welcomes rare,
God's love, and ceaseless joy's increase.

THE END.

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